

The Grasp of The Sultan



by
?

THE GRASP OF THE SULTAN

BY

?

The anonymous author of this absorbing novel writes with an intimate knowledge of harem life, and every detail rings true.

A young Englishman, having wasted a fortune, drifts to Constantinople, and is appointed tutor to the imperial princes. The youngest in his charge is four-year-old Prince Bayazet, whose mother is a beautiful Greek girl of the harem. She has dared to defy the Sultan, who, failing in entreaty, strives to break her will by taking her son away from her. By a ruse of the head eunuch, she recovers the child and obtains the Sultan's pledge that they shall be unmolested for five years.

Against this gorgeous background of harem life, the author has woven one of the most thrilling romances of recent years. The young English tutor falls in love with the beautiful Greek girl and plans to escape with her and the little Prince. There are plots and counterplots, perils and hairbreadth escapes, but in the end fortune favors the lovers.

Illustrated. \$1.25 net.

*The
Grasp
of
the
sultan*



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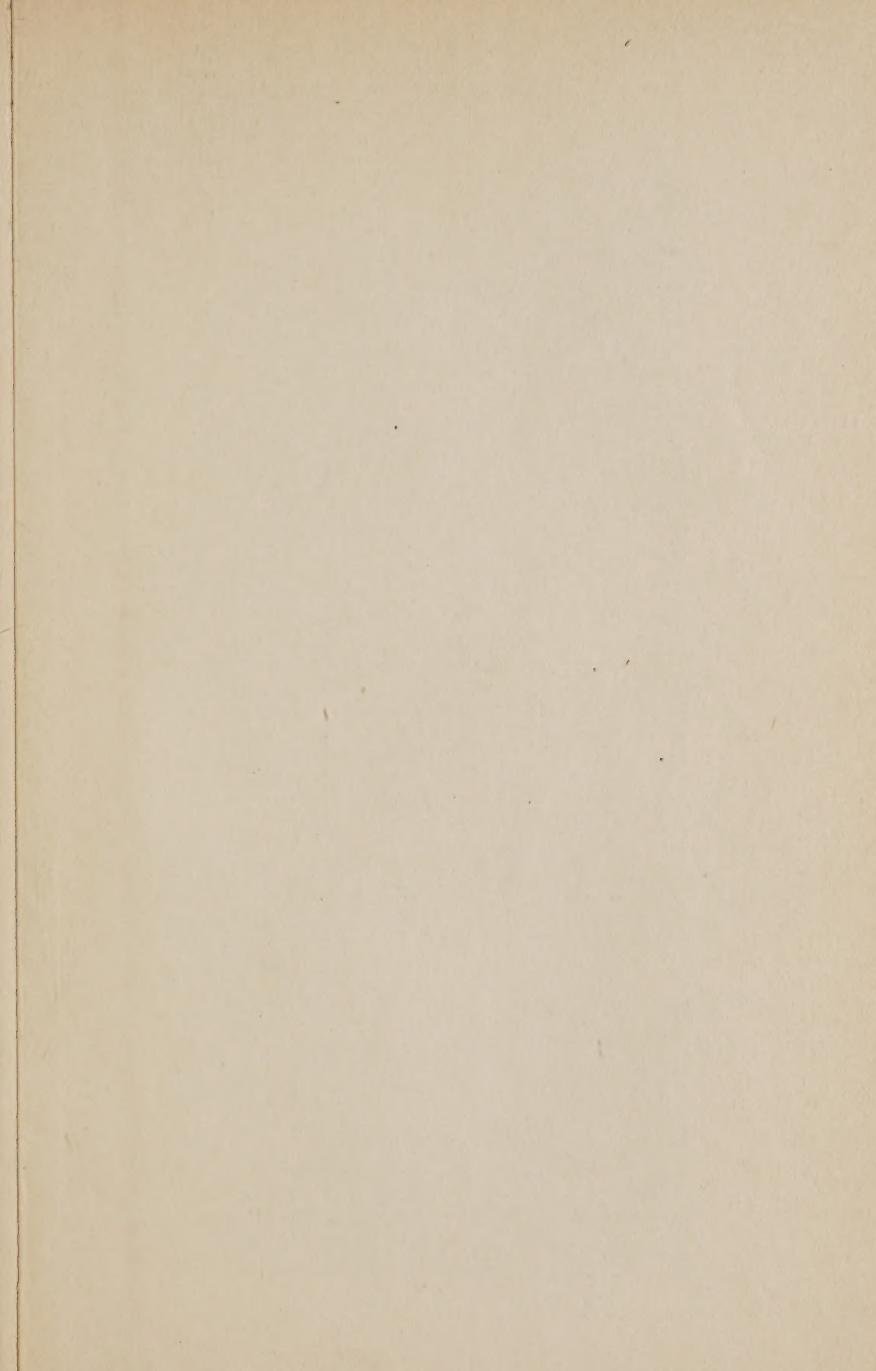


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THE GRASP OF THE SULTAN







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WRENCHED THE CHILD FROM THE ENGLISHMAN'S ARMS
AND TORE OUT OF THE ROOM

The Grasp of the Sultan

With Illustrations by
W. T. Benda



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The Grasp of the Sultan

CHAPTER I

THE MAN FROM THE GUTTER

It was a tiny coffee-house on a side street off Kara-kuey, and not more than half an hour's walk from the Bridge of Galata. It was made of plain, unpainted boards, to which time and smoke had given a coating of black. Its sole ornament was a pergola, over which luxuriated a grapevine, the hard, green fruit hanging down into space. The pergola extended over the whole sidewalk, obviously meant for pedestrians; but the cafedji was a Turk, and ignored the rights of pedestrians. He appropriated the sidewalk with the same air of ownership as did the shadow of his grapevine. A dozen low, rustic stools filled the sidewalk, for the convenience of the patrons of the coffee-house, and to the inconvenience of all others, who on muddy days were forced to go out into the mud, ankle-deep.

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No one complained. People in Turkey rarely do. Besides, the patrons of the coffee-house were the formidable carriers of Constantinople. Thus, no one interfered, and the cafedji and his grapevine spread themselves unhampered over the sidewalk.

It was the midday hour, the hour in which the little café was most busy in extending its hospitality. All the stools were taken. The ample bloomers of the carriers overfilled the straw seats. The long, many-colored stockings, the bright kerchiefs twined around the red fezes, and the gold and silver thread with which the carriers' short jabots were embroidered made the portion of the sidewalk underneath the pergola very picturesque and very Oriental. They are fastidious and dandified, these giants from Anatolia, who wear their clothes with such a debonair grace, and always have love exploits to relate to one another.

Just now, at the midday hour, they were at their ease. No power and no sum of money could make them work between twelve and two. Some were eating their luncheon of half a loaf of bread, garnished with sliced onions, tomatoes,

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and oil, with abundant salt and pepper. Others, having done with eating, were smoking their narghilés in a contemplative manner; while still others were playing at backgammon. In the street, upward of twenty dogs were lying contentedly, their heads buried in their front paws, fast asleep. Men and dogs made a perfect picture of life at its quietest and most peaceful — innocent of any rude feelings.

Down the road came a shabbily dressed young Englishman. The scene evidently appealed to him; for he stopped a few yards away to contemplate it. Presently one of the carriers, an Armenian, reached up, took a grape, and, with careful aim, threw it at the head of a dog.

The animal raised his head, looked about him, and then fell back into his former position. The Armenian laughed. His co-religionists sitting around him — for each religion in Turkey naturally congregates by itself — laughed also.

The Armenian took another grape, and with the same precision threw it at the same dog.

The dog raised his head again, gave a plaintive growl, and again lay down. The Armenians

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laughed again, and the thrower reached for a third grape.

"Let him alone!" said a Turkish carrier.

The Armenian paid no attention to the words, but threw his grape as before.

"I told you to let him alone," repeated the Turk.

"So you did," the Armenian assented, with exaggerated deliberation reaching up for another grape.

In other parts of the Turkish Empire an Armenian would instantly have obeyed the Turk; but here at Galata, where the strongest of them congregated, they often stood up for themselves.

"Well, I said, 'Let the dog alone,'" repeated the Turk, the quiet contemplation gone from his eyes.

All the carriers became attentive. Those who were still eating gulped down their food; those who were smoking took the markoutches out of their mouths; and those who were playing backgammon stopped with the dice in their fingers.

The Armenian, for answer, reached for another grape. He had not time to pluck it. With

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a swift movement, the Turk snatched up the stool he was sitting on, and threw it at the head of the Armenian, with the same precision which had characterized the latter.

The scene changed.

All the men were on their feet — and all the dogs, too.

The peaceful street was a battlefield.

The Armenians sprang to the left — the Turks to the right. They faced one another man to man. There were some Turks left over, and they remained under the pergola, watching.

Each man fought his man alone, and the dogs were spontaneously fighting among themselves and among the legs of the men. One of the most wonderful sights of Constantinople is a fight among the carriers. It is as superb as it is rare. These giants, who think nothing of carrying a piano on their backs, practice wrestling and boxing every day, and when they come to a real fight, they bring to it the same tactics and the same skill that they bring to their games, nor do they ever resort to unfair methods.

The shabby young Englishman was fasci-

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nated by the spectacle of sheer physical magnificence before him. Lithe and alert, he stood tense as an umpire at a football game, absorbed in watching the contestants in this well-organized battle. So intent was he that he did not notice the approach of an older Englishman, dressed in Turkish naval attire, his breast covered with medals. The latter glanced from the fighting carriers to his shabby young countryman, and something in the lean, clean-cut face carried the older man far away into the past — a remote past, but one which had helped to carve his present; for the face of the young man was the face of the woman who had preferred another to him, and because of her Arthur Manlove had left the navy and his country, had roamed around the earth, and had ended by becoming a Turkish admiral.

The fight came to an end, the Armenians having got the better of the Turks, one of whom was left lying on the ground, evidently badly injured. The young Englishman stepped quickly to the side of the prostrate man, and with deft fingers began to examine his hurt. Ignorant of the language, he instinctively

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looked about for an interpreter, and found his fellow countryman at his side.

“I say, can you tell them to get a bandage, and some sort of antiseptic?” he asked. “If they can, I can fix him up. I’ve done quite a bit of amateur doctoring, first and last.”

Manlove did as he was requested, and in a few minutes the patient was skillfully bandaged, and seemed little the worse for his encounter.

“That was a ripping fight,” the young Englishman said. “Will you tell these chaps I never saw anything finer in my life?”

The carriers were childishly pleased with the stranger’s praises, and the wounded man begged his excellency to tell the young Englishman that he had nothing with which to repay him except his two arms; but if he ever needed them, his, Kipruli Ali’s, were at his service.

“You had better write that name down,” counseled Manlove Pasha. “It’s a great piece of luck, and not to be despised, if you intend to stay here any length of time.”

The younger Englishman drew from the pocket of his shabby suit an old notebook, and

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wrote down, not only the name of the man, but some directions by which he could find him. The carriers, meanwhile, had ordered coffee and sweetmeats, and begged the two foreigners to do them the honor of partaking of them. The bemedaled Englishman accepted the invitation at once, and the other followed his example. Having tasted the sweetmeats and drunk the coffee, they rose and bade their hosts good-bye.

"May I go your way?" asked Manlove Pasha of his young compatriot, as they left the carriers.

"I don't know which way I am going," the other replied.

"Pardon me if I seem intrusive," Manlove Pasha persisted, "but though you do not know me, I know you — or, at least, I knew your family, and I have known your mother very well, indeed. From your resemblance to her, you must be the son of Lady Eunice —"

"Stop!" cried the younger man. "My name is Burton Adams."

"It is immaterial to me what you call yourself. But you are in a strange land, which is not strange to me, and I offer you my hospitality.

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My name is Arthur Manlove. Where are you staying?"

"I landed to-day," the other answered gruffly.

Arthur Manlove had not for many years seen the woman for whose sake he had expatriated himself, but he had kept in touch with her life, and even after her death had taken an interest in the three sons she had left. The two elder had inherited the hard rectitude of their father: between them and the youngest — the image of his mother — there had never been sympathy. After the mother's death there had been misunderstandings, quarrels, and, as a black sheep, he had been turned adrift. Only recently Manlove's sister had written him that Lionel was supposed to have died somewhere in the Far East. Yet here he now stood in the flesh. Manlove Pasha had not the slightest doubt of his identity — the vehemence with which the young man had stopped him before he finished his mother's name was proof enough, if confirmation were needed.

Lionel Deguerney had, indeed, been a black sheep. After the last quarrel with his father, he

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had left his home, vowing never to reënter it; and then, by easy gradations, he had landed in the gutter. Fortunately for him, instead of becoming a part of it, its smell nauseated him and brought him to his senses. His manliness and his British doggedness awoke at the same time, and he resolved to climb out of the gutter. It did not take him long to discover the vast difference between sliding down and climbing up. In fact, he soon realized that it was easier for those to climb up who had never rolled down than for those who had once been on the heights and had acquired a bad name. Perhaps so much energy is spent in rolling down that little is left for climbing up again. Then he resolved at least to walk on the clean roadway till chance offered him an opportunity to rise again. At this time he changed his name to Burton Adams.

Adams was surprised, almost resentful, that this uniformed Englishman should have recognized him. He had learned that rolling into the gutter changes a man beyond the power of recognition of many of his polite friends.

"If no other engagement claims you, dine with me at Ghanni's," Manlove Pasha said.

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"You will find it easily — on the Grande rue de Péra."

Adams hesitated. From most of his one-time friends he would have refused the invitation on the spot; but Manlove's manner was so entirely lacking in condescension that he felt an unwonted impulse to accept it. A surge of loneliness swept over him, and an intolerable longing for a few words with some one connected with his former life. And then Manlove, he knew, had been something of a rolling stone himself, though he had always rolled on the level.

"My clothes —" muttered Adams.

"Pooh! They're good enough to consort with this old uniform of mine. You'll come?"

Adams nodded and turned quickly away.

That evening Manlove gave him a good dinner, with good wine and good cigars. He treated him, not as a black sheep, but as if Adams still held the position he once had held. He asked no embarrassing questions. Only over the excellent Turkish coffee, he inquired casually: —

"What are you doing now?"

It was so many months since the fallen

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gentleman had been decently treated that he was touched. Before he knew it, he laid bare his whole life to his new-found friend.

Manlove heard him out in sympathetic silence. At the end he said:—

“I may be able to help you a bit, if you will let me.”

There have been Englishmen in Turkey of whom the world has known little, who have had considerable to do with the shaping of the destinies of that empire. One of these was Arthur Manlove, to whom was due whatever efficiency the navy of the Sultan possessed. For the time being he was honored with a share of that monarch’s suspicious confidence.

“Would you like to be a kind of tutor to a number of boys?” Manlove went on.

“I was two years at Oxford,” Adams stammered, “but I can’t say I distinguished myself. I never was much of a hand at books, you know. What should I have to teach them?”

Manlove smiled. “Only plain English, and some riding and driving.”

Adams’s face lighted. Horseflesh was something he understood.

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"They are Turkish boys," Manlove continued. He had been speaking in low tones; he dropped his voice still lower as he went on: "They are the Ottoman imperial princes, and are virtual prisoners, you know. They ride and drive within the precincts of the palace gardens; and the general scheme of their education is to teach them as little as possible. How do you think you would like the post?"

Englishmen are supposed to be stolid and unemotional, but the man who chose to call himself Burton Adams felt a tightness in his throat as he said in a husky voice:—

"You would be willing to answer for me?"

"I know the blood, and when it's fit, I'd wager considerable on its running true. You have been out of form for some time, but you look as if you were coming around right, now." Manlove held out his hand, rather as one who seeks than as one who bestows a favor. "Shall we shake hands on that?" he asked.

Burton Adams placed his calloused hand in the well-kept hand of the other; and thus it came to pass that the one-time younger son of a noble house, and the later vagabond adrift,

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presented himself at the palace for the position of glorified groom and unglorified tutor to the imperial household.

When Manlove took him there, Burton Adams had little in common with the man who had stood and watched the street brawl, only a few days before. He had responded not so much to good baths and good clothes as to the trust a man of his class had placed in him.

The head eunuch received them and studied the proposed tutor quite openly. Then he nodded to Manlove.

The older Englishman touched the shoulder of his friend.

"You have just passed the hardest examination you ever tried, old chap." Turning to the powerful official, he added: "You will be good to my friend, won't you, Lala Sheddin?"

The eunuch gave a broad grin. "It all depends, your excellency," he answered. "And now I will take charge of your friend. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" said Manlove, and with a grip of Adams's hand, he added: "Come to see me when you are able to leave the palace."

CHAPTER II

BAYAZET'S MOTHER

IN a sumptuous room of the imperial haremlik, in the Sultan's palace, a heap of silken materials lay on a divan. In that heap was Kizatesh Sultana, mother of Prince Bayazet. She had lain thus for hours, ever since dawn, ever since she had awakened and found the nest of her little son empty — her son who had been taken away from her while she had been asleep, by the command of his father, the Sultan of Turkey. It was a barbarous act, and the enormity of it left her stunned. Her sorrow was dumb: it had crushed her.

Two young slaves suddenly entered the room, prostrated themselves before their mistress, and announced: "The Padishah!"

The heap of silken materials moved, and from it rose and stood, trembling like a reed, holding her face hidden in her hands, a small, delicately built woman.

The Padishah entered, and the slaves,

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crouching on their hands and knees, left the room.

The Sultan of Turkey came near the woman. "Well?" he asked.

He received no reply.

"How dost thou like thy empty arms?"

The woman remained silent.

"Dost thou understand that Bayazet, thy son, has been taken away from thee — forever?"

The delicate frame shook a little more, but the woman remained silent, her face always hidden in the small, white hands.

"Thou knowest that thou canst have Bayazet back, if thou wishest."

No answer.

The Shadow of Allah on Earth waited, intently watching the little figure before him, which was lost in the ample and costly imperial garments. It was several days since he had seen her proud, disdainful face. He took a step nearer her, and touched her on the shoulder. She only shivered.

"Kizatesh Sultana, I wish to see thy face to-day. I command thee to show me thy face."

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She dropped her hands, and raised her small head, though her eyes were cast downward. He noticed that the face was not tear-stained.

“I wish thee to raise thine eyes to mine.”

She obeyed. They were dark and deep, and full of thoughts.

“I used to think that thou didst love thine only child. Was I mistaken?”

It was as if the shadow from a cloud passed over the mobile and sensitive face. Otherwise one might have thought that she had not heard him.

“Thou understandest that he has been taken away from thee — never to be returned?”

A tightening of her lips, and that was all. Because she bore her misery with pride, the Sultan desired her the more.

“Thou dost not love thy master — thou dost not love thine only son! Art thou a woman, or some fleshless djinn? If thou continuest in thy obstinacy, if thou openly defiest me, I shall treat thee as no wife at all — and give thee to whomsoever I choose, as a woman.”

A flush spread over the pale face. “The law of the holy Koran protects me, Padishah. I

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am the mother of a living imperial prince. I cannot be given away."

Her voice was low and musical, yet in it one felt that the woman had both character and strength.

"Thou art the mother of an imperial prince, to-day, — living —" He shrugged his shoulders and waved his hand.

A spasm shook the frail body of the woman. She clasped her hands tightly together. Her eyes held his entreatingly. "You will not — Be merciful! Be merciful!"

He laughed. It was the laugh of the strong, who felt that he could whip the weak into obedience. He moved away and stretched himself on a divan.

"Why shouldst thou implore for mercy — thou, of all women?"

She hid her face in her hands.

The Sultan laughed again. "Thou preferrest to beg as a mendicant — rather than to bestow as a sultana: to be of those who receive alms, rather than to be able to give riches?"

"I gave you all I had, my lord."

"I wish thee to give me thy love."

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"Love is a gift from Allah, O Calif of the Faithful. It is Allah who puts it into the breast of a woman for her to give. He has put none into my heart. How can I be greater than Allah, and give what he has forgotten to give me?"

"Come here!" He repeated the command twice before she obeyed him. "Come and kneel here by my couch."

She knelt.

The Sultan drew her close to him. "Hast thou never loved me — never — never?"

"So many women have loved you — so many women do love you, O Padishah — whose beauty is wonderful. What matters, Lord of this Earth, the love of a woman such as I?"

"I want it. Look at me!"

She obeyed.

"Give me thy lips."

She became rigid, and he, watching her face, saw her expression change, saw her face harden.

"Give me thy lips," he repeated.

In spite of her obedient attitude, her teeth snapped viciously over her lips.

"Thou hatest me, woman, and I can crush thee as I can crush an ant."

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"I do not hate you, lord, for you are Bayazet's father. In the love I have for him, I also love you. How can I hold him in my arms and hate you — his father? How can I give him my tenderness, unless a part of it is for you? I love you in your son, and this is the only love Allah has given me for you."

"So you love Bayazet. Very well." He rose, a sardonic smile on his lips. "Rise!" he commanded.

She obeyed him.

He lifted her chin and looked into her eyes. He spoke very slowly:—

"I have many sons, and many more can be born to me. What is one, more or less, to me?"

"Padishah! Little Bayazet is yours, since he drew life from your life. Because a mere woman has not known how to please you, you will not hurt what is precious to your own! You will not cut a small but rare blossom from your own tree!" Her voice was rich in its anguish. It thrilled him to hear it.

He eagerly watched the play of emotions on her delicate face. It pleased him, because it excited him. For the first time since she had

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been his wife was he fully aware why he desired her above every other one of his wives. It was because she roused him from his apathy: she gave a variety to his love for women. All others had bowed and acquiesced. She alone fearlessly proclaimed that there was no love in her heart for him.

It was a new experience for the great potentate. No longer a leader of his own armies; a prisoner in his own palace; denied all sports to exercise his man's faculties, — she alone had changed the terrible routine of his life. She was his sport. He laughed again; he meant to play the game to the limit, and derive from it all the satisfaction he could, since the love he wished was denied him. He would hunt her spirit and her courage, play with her heart and torture it, since it would not give him joy. Exquisitely Oriental, he knew neither mercy nor pity.

“Have I not shown I could defy the law by taking Bayazet away from thee, at his age?” he asked gravely, as if seeking information.

“Surely my lord will give the child back to his mother!”

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“As I took the baby away from the mother, so I may hand the mother over to another man — if it please me.”

“A woman is but a small thing in this world, my lord; but at least she has power over her own life.”

“Art thou threatening?”

“No, Padishah, only my thoughts made themselves audible.” She crossed her hands over her breast, and slowly went on: “Because Allah meant that your son Bayazet should come to life, he created me. There are flowers with but one blossom. I am such a one.” She bowed very low before him. “Now that you have the blossom, my lord, you may crush the flower, but spare the blossom.”

“Thou speakest well, my beautiful Kizatesh, but the great Allah gives the power of deciding to his representative on earth. As such I choose that thy son shall be taken away from thee; and” — he pursed up his lips judicially — “since thou defiest the wishes of thy lord, thou shalt furthermore be given to another man. I shall take some thought as to who that man shall be.”

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With these words and a graceful wave of his hand — as if favorably dismissing some petitioner — he went from the room. She remained behind, motionless, her eyes closed, her hands loosely clasped. After many minutes a spasm passed over her. She opened her eyes and raised them to the ceiling. Slowly she outstretched her arms, palms upward, and in this darkest and most desperate hour of her life, she turned to him whom she called Allah. She prayed that he might guide her, might show her the road she must take, which she could not see because of the darkness all around her. “There must be a way, great Allah, there must be one. It cannot be that thou leavest thy child in darkness. Show me the way, Lord of Eternity, show me the way, so that I may do as thou wishest!”

After her prayer, a certain peace descended upon her. Slowly she went to the latticed window and sat by it, and watched what she could see of the blue sky. There, beyond it, lived the great Allah, far above his children of the earth, yet never forgetting that he was their heavenly father. Now and again, as from a child who

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has ceased to weep, a sob escaped her, but when it came, it contained the name of Allah.

There was a knock at the door, and a woman old and wrinkled entered. Her sleeves were rolled up to her elbows, and a large apron covered her entirely. At her entrance the room was filled with an overpowering perfume.

"My sultana, will you come now and see? The perfume is nearly perfect."

Kizatesh Sultana slowly turned her attention from the sky to the woman, but made no other movement.

"Come, my sweetest sultana, come and see. It has never risen to such a beautiful foam as it has to-day."

Kizatesh Sultana sighed. "No, I do not wish to come. I have no heart for perfumes to-day."

The old hanoum took a couple of rapid strides and planted herself in front of her mistress, astonishment and indignation depicted on her countenance.

"You do not care to come? You have no heart for perfumes?"

"Please, Melek, not to-day."

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“You will find your heart while looking into the perfume,” the old woman said with deep reproach. “No matter how troubled you may be, you cannot neglect your perfume. Remember, Kizatesh Sultana, your perfume is *you* — the best in you — the you that attracts. Did I not work for over ten years to bring together this combination? And then did I not keep it a secret, until I should find one most suited to it? Three years I waited, and on the day of your marriage, when your foster mother asked me if I could produce a perfume that would express you, did I not cry out at once: ‘I have it!’ And was it not the most wonderful circumstance to learn afterwards that I had dreamed about it the very year you were born? There is not another of the sultanas who has such a perfume. They have all tried to bribe me to give them the recipe. They think it is your perfume that makes you so dear to the Commander of the Faithful.”

Kizatesh Sultana started. If it was her perfume that enthralled the Sultan, then instantly she would discard it. But she remembered that the Sultan had chosen her before

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this perfume had been hers. She was glad of this, for her perfume is much to the woman of the East. Among the women favored by fortune, the acquisition of a personal perfume is one of the great events of life. She who produces such a perfume is given an honored place in the household, and never divulges the secret of its making till her end approaches. On her death-bed she will confide the recipe as a valued legacy to her dearest friend.

Kizatesh Sultana rose — wearily, it is true, yet she rose. “Let us go, then.”

They walked down a long hall to the perfume room. Melek unlocked it, and they entered, while the two eunuchs who had guarded the door of the sultana followed, and stationed themselves outside. The perfume room was fitted up like a chemist's. A tall iron tripod, filled with burning charcoal, stood in the middle of the room. On the embers sat a polished vessel containing an iridescent, green liquid. The two women stood reverently watching its bubbling contents. A wonderful emerald green was the predominating color, but tremors of gold and red and aqua-marine shot through it,

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as the aurora borealis shoots through the summer night.

Kizatesh Sultana had no thought now except for the precious liquid in the pot. "Do you think the bubbles have enough of the blue?" she asked.

The older woman leaned forward and peered into the pot. "Just watch till the red begins to strive for the upper hand," she said excitedly. "In a minute, now, you will see the perfect blue."

Tensely they waited, till the bubbles began to come more thickly, rising up in the middle, and scuttling to the sides of the pot, the red and the blue seeming to fight for the mastery in the iridescent surface, until it broke.

"Yes, it is perfect," the sultana admitted, delighted as a child. With keen pleasure she inhaled the powerful yet delicate perfume. Melek was right, the perfume gave her heart, its essence expressed her individuality, and in its iridescence were the colors she always wore. Her gown was a soft satin of the emerald green, while the gold and blue and red formed the embroideries on it.

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Melek had been attached to the foster mother of Kizatesh Sultana, and had loved Kizatesh ever since her advent to the palace. She turned from the bubbling pot to survey her mistress with critical affection. "I do not think the red on your gown is quite the color in the perfume," she suggested. "Yours is the tint of the ruby: that in the pot is like the flower of the pomegranate. Ask the Padishah to search the world to find you a jewel of that color. He will do it, for you are his favorite."

The word "favorite" brought back to Kizatesh Sultana the troubles of the day, and tears welled up in her eyes.

Instantly Melek's arms were around her. "Don't, darling," she pleaded; "don't cry. He will, of course, give you back Bayazet. He only does it to punish you a bit—a lovers' quarrel. And I am not going to wait till my death-bed to tell you the secret of your perfume; I will give it to you to-day."

CHAPTER III

ADAMS HEARS A SOB

LALA SHEDDIN was the head eunuch of the imperial palace, and for years he had been the trusted man of the household of the ruler of Turkey. He was tall and heavily built, and his small, alert eyes indicated the rare intelligence of the man. He had the ability both to judge men correctly and to make friends. He spoke English and French readily.

He conducted Adams in person to the pavilion set apart for the tutor. It was a coquettish little rococo structure, near the shore of the Bosphorus. On the land side it was hidden from sight by a large grove of trees, which continued all the way to the palace. It consisted of a spacious sitting-room and dining-room below, of a bedroom, another sitting-room, a dressing-room, and a tiny Turkish bath above. The upper rooms all had balconies, which formed the roof of the large porch downstairs.

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It was extravagantly furnished, in shocking European style.

Lala Sheddin opened the large glass door of the sitting-room, and bade the Englishman enter. Inside he offered him an American rocking-chair, and himself sat down cross-legged on a divan covered with Turkish rugs.

"I like your face," he observed, without preamble, "and if you come here with the idea of staying, I think you may."

The Englishman nodded.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

"You look older," the eunuch commented frankly. He glanced from the other's face to his hands. "Perhaps life has n't treated you right."

"Perhaps *I* have n't treated life right."

The eunuch leaned over and took the Englishman's hand. He examined it carefully, inside and out.

"You have belonged to the working class not a very long time," was his comment.

To this the Englishman made no reply.

"I am not going to ask you what your life

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has been," the eunuch continued. "All I demand is that your life shall be what I want it to be while you are here." He dropped the other's hand. "Whether you stay here a very short time, or a very long one, will depend on whether you do as I say or not."

The Englishman nodded.

"There are twenty-three princes in all. Those that you will see range from fourteen and fifteen, down to nine. You will take your midday meal with some of them, and teach them your manner of eating. You will ride and drive with them in the morning, and read the Koran with them in English. In the afternoon again you will ride and drive, and in the evening some may wish to come and play backgammon with you. They will teach it to you if you do not know it. You are always to speak English with them. I like English better than French. It does not have so many compliments."

Adams smiled, and for a while the two men remained silent. Presently Lala Sheddin proceeded to drive his instructions more firmly into the mind of the tutor.

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"You are to teach them the art of riding, of driving, and of eating, as practiced in your country. You may sometimes tell them stories — but leave the words 'king' and 'God' out of them." After another pause, he inquired lightly: "You see no necessity of asking questions? Or of answering questions that do not have to do with the art of riding and driving and eating?"

"No," the tutor replied.

"That is well. Oriental boys are different from English boys, and Ottoman princes are different from all other boys and princes of the world. You are their humble servitor. Do not ever presume to make them obey you, if they do not wish to; for the blood of the great Ottoman is in their veins — and you are only of common clay."

The Englishman began to have misgivings. How could he teach, without the slightest discipline? And the idea of being anybody's servitor galled him. He made no comment, however, but waited for his instructor to go on.

"Whatever happens to *you* — tell *me*. Do not keep it to yourself. I was born here, and so

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were several mothers that came before my mother. I understand things here which you cannot."

Adams inclined his head.

A gleam of satisfaction overspread the features of the keeper of the Sultan's women. He rolled his eyes until the whites alone were visible.

"You ask no explanations?"

The new tutor shrugged his shoulders.

The head eunuch arose, and saluted the Briton with manifest admiration.

"Mashallah! You are the only man of upward of a hundred who did not let his tongue flow on like a babbling brook. Make yourself at home. This whole pavilion belongs to you, and you shall have your body servant." The eunuch took a step toward the door, then turned and added: "My imperial master is averse to sociability. Receive no visitors, except Manlove Pasha, without special permission, — and the less you ask permission, the better. If money is what you wish, you can leave here a rich man."

He salaamed, and left the room.

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When the Englishman was alone he sat for a long time gazing out upon the sea, his mind reviewing the words of the eunuch. In his career he had rolled into and out of many queer places, but this seemed to him the queerest.

“What can a tutor do without discipline?” he muttered. He had meant to stick to this place, to make good at it, not only for himself, but for the trust Manlove had placed in him. But could he succeed where he had to remember that his pupils were of the blood of Othman and he himself of common clay? He laughed silently, yet the lines of his face showed dogged determination. The sportsman in him was roused, and his imagination was also touched.

An excellent luncheon was brought to him from the palace by the man who was to be his bodyguard — and who was to spy upon him and report all his movements to the head eunuch. A few hours after his meal, Lala Sheddin appeared, wearing a frock coat and gaudy waistcoat.

“I will take you to the princes now. They are all assembled.”

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The Englishman followed his guide. He was apparently unruffled and undisturbed; yet underneath his British quietness he was not a little excited at the prospect of meeting the sons of the Sultan of Turkey, who were to be his pupils, and with whom he must attempt not the slightest discipline. The new career opening before him was both difficult and full of piquancy.

The two men set out in silence. As they neared the palace, windows were opened, and upon the gilded lattices the shadows of women's heads were thrown. Burton Adams did not see them: he did not raise his eyes in the direction of the sounds.

Out of the corners of his small, intelligent eyes the eunuch observed him. Presently he touched him on the shoulder.

"You are a very wise man, my friend. You would have seen nothing but shadows had you raised your eyes, but you did not. Mashallah!" With a touch of real friendliness in his tone the eunuch added: "I need not tell you that it would be safer never to lift your eyes when you hear the opening of a window."

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Yet behind those lattices were not women peeping forth from idle curiosity. The unseen eyes were not filled with coquetry, but with all the anxious intelligence of mothers' hearts, endeavoring to divine the soul of this foreigner — approved of by Lala Sheddin — who was to rob some of them of their sons, to replace for all of them the mothers' care.

In a sumptuous and spacious room the imperial princes were assembled to meet their tutor. They were seated cross-legged on divans covered with superb rugs. The walls were hung with dark-red velvet, on which were embroidered, in gold thread, various mottoes of the house of Othman. The eunuch first spoke to the princes in Turkish; then in English he introduced the new tutor and left them together.

His pupils greeted Adams without any of the concealed hostility with which boys of another race and station would have regarded a new tutor. Their glances were indifferent. They smiled at him, with smiles old and wise. They were handsome boys, some of them very handsome, and they were dazzlingly attired in the uniforms of the various regiments of

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which they were the honorary commanders. But they lacked youth and vitality: it seemed as if the shadow of the Ottoman throne had dampened their spirits from birth.

The princes acknowledged the introduction by touching their first two fingers to their lips and then to their fezes. Their ages ranged from fifteen to ten; but there was also a little one of about four, dressed in a colonel's uniform, with a tiny sword at his side. He did not salute with the others; he came and planted himself before Burton Adams, and volubly addressed him in Turkish.

"It is the first time he leaves his mother's lap. He has never seen a foreigner, and he wishes to be saluted according to your own custom." The prince who volunteered this explanation was the eldest, and of the few who already knew English. He spoke so casually and so indolently that Adams felt sure that he should never be troubled by this one with questions which must not be answered. Extending his hand to the miniature colonel the Englishman said slowly and distinctly: "Good-evening to you, my prince."

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The baby colonel screwed up his face, and repeated the whole sentence with wonderful mimicry, whereupon his oldest brother explained to him that the last two words were only meant for him, and not for the tutor.

“Good-evening,” said the Englishman again, shaking the soft baby hand; and the little one repeated, “Good-evening!”

The other princes signified their desire to be shaken by the hand also, and leaving the colonel, the tutor advanced toward them. He had reckoned without the colonel, however, who, at this desertion, stamped his foot, drew his sword from its bejeweled scabbard, and with eyes flashing and lips quivering with anger, cried:—

“Gel bourda!”

Adams, smiling, returned to the angry boy, and holding out his hand again, said: “Good-evening, my prince.”

At that, the colonel’s wrath departed. Quickly he put his sword back into its scabbard, and extended both his arms to be lifted up. The Englishman stooped and picked up the boy, rather awkwardly. The little one put

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his arms around the man's neck, and nestled close and lovingly to him.

With him in his arms Adams went from prince to prince, shaking hands and "good-evening" them.

"Now, sit down," said the eldest, "and tell us a story."

Adams took a seat. The baby colonel, standing up on his knees, again began to talk to him.

"He wishes to know your name," his brother translated.

"Adams," replied the Englishman.

The little one clapped his hands together and laughed. "Addám, Addám," he repeated. "Bayazet Addám!"

"Addám means 'a man' in our language," languidly explained the interpreting prince, "and my little brother says that you are Bayazet's man; for that is his name. He wants you for his man."

"Tell him that I will be his man."

When this was translated, the young colonel raised his little face and bestowed a kiss on the tutor's cheek.

"I will be his man, and he shall be my boy,"

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went on the man; but when this was translated, the colonel shook his head vehemently, and spoke very fast.

“He says he is a young lion and only belongs to his mother. You are his man and his slave, and he is your master, — and now tell us a story.”

It was curiously difficult for Adams to think of a story that did not contain some reference to the forbidden topics. At the same time he did not wish to hesitate; so he started at random, and gradually found his way into Robin Hood.

The colonel attentively watched the lips of the man, for a time, but, understanding nothing, he finally nestled his head against the man's breast and closed his eyes. His right hand gradually worked its way through the Englishman's coat and shirt till it found the bare skin, which he began to pat softly, and then fell asleep.

After the story was finished, the boys asked for a song, and Adams sang them a nursery rhyme.

The bodyguards of the princes now began to

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arrive, and one after another the latter salaamed and departed. He was left alone with the still sleeping child in his arms. Lala Sheddin had given him no instructions as to what to do after the princes left him, and he sat there waiting. The nestling child, the little hand on his chest, were giving him a sensation sweet in its tenderness. He had never before held a child thus in his arms, and it thrilled him. He watched it lovingly, noticing how clear the skin was, how exquisite the shape of the eyebrows, how well-cut the baby mouth, and how the whole face, in spite of its four years, already denoted character. The little colonel was different from his brothers. The Englishman wondered with regret whether in a few years this boy, too, would become languid and will-less, as the others seemed to be.

He bent down and gently kissed the sleeping child.

A convulsive sob rent the air. Burton Adams was startled. It came from so near that he became alarmed lest in raising his eyes he should find himself face to face with a woman of the harem, whom he ought never to see.

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Who was she? Where was she? He hardly dared to think. He sat motionless, his eyes bent on his charge, while minute after minute lived its short life of sixty seconds, which seemed like hours to the Englishman

CHAPTER IV

“THE SPIRIT OF THE HURRICANE”

At last Lala Sheddin came into the room, and burst out laughing at the sight of the Englishman with the child in his arms.

“I did not tell you that you were to be nursemaid, too,” and again he laughed good-naturedly. “Give me the boy now.”

In the exchange, the boy awoke, and set up a yell that demonstrated the power of his lungs. Then he kicked the head eunuch with the might of his feet, and beat his face with the strength of his clenched fists.

“Benim Addám!” he yelled, and held out his arms toward the tutor.

“Let me have him,” said Adams. “I don’t mind being nursemaid to him. In fact, I rather like it.” As soon as the child was back in his arms, he nestled down and went to sleep again. “I’ll tell you what I might do; I’ll take him to my pavilion and keep him till dinner time.”

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"I wish you would," Lala Sheddin replied. "The truth is he is something of an embarrassment to me just now." He caressed his beardless chin as he looked reflectively at the infant. "Let us go to your pavilion, then, since you are willing to take charge of him for a time." He led the way, and the Englishman followed, carrying his sleeping charge awkwardly but securely.

As they went out of the door, the figure of a woman darted out from behind a portière, and disappeared down the dim corridor.

The eunuch stopped dumbfounded. "Allah! She will bring death upon herself yet," he muttered. As soon as they were out in the garden, he asked Adams: "Did you know there was some one in the room with you?"

"I heard some one sobbing."

"Did you know it was a woman?"

"I thought so."

"Did you see her?"

"No. I did not know where she was, and I kept my eyes on the child."

"Do you think any of the princes heard what you heard?"

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"No, I am sure they did not. I only heard her after I was alone with the child."

Lala Sheddin walked on in silence for a little time; then he surprised the Englishman by a confidence.

"That was Bayazet's mother. She is an unhappy woman."

Pity stirred within the Englishman for this woman whose sobs he had heard and whose slender figure he had seen darting away down the corridor. So this was the mother whose "young lion" he was carrying. Involuntarily he pressed the child a bit closer in his arms. Poor little chap, to be born into all this gorgeousness, in which the spirit of a man became extinguished before it had time to start. Poor little chap, he thought again. Well, if he could befriend him, he assuredly would do so.

Lala Sheddin left him at the entrance of the pavilion. "I will return for the child as soon as I can. At present I have some urgent business to attend to."

He spoke with such utter weariness that Adams surmised that the position of head eunuch in the Ottoman palace included many

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tasks from which the soul of the powerful official revolted.

The Englishman sat down in his sitting-room carefully, so as not to awaken the child. He smiled rather grimly, as he thought of his pipe and tobacco, which he was foregoing. This acting as nursemaid had its humorous side, yet he did not regret his forced abstention from smoking. Bayazet had nestled his way straight into the lonely Englishman's heart.

After half an hour Bayazet suddenly opened his large dark eyes, and smiled. He stretched himself, then sat bolt upright, and patted the Englishman. "My man," he said; "my man."

"That I am, old chap."

Bayazet nodded, and volubly added many other remarks. From time to time Adams took up the conversation, and thus the two talked to each other, neither one understanding a word the other said, yet both of them confident that they were getting along capitally together. Now and then the boy would repeat some English word that struck his fancy.

Then there came a silence; the boy grew restless, and then began to ask for something

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he wished very much, his large brown eyes watching his tutor with hopeful expectations.

"I'd give it to you if I could," Adams said, and bent over and kissed the child's eyes.

Bayazet laughed; then plaintively began asking over and over again: "Ya Ana! Ya Ana!"

"I wonder if he wants a drink of water. Ya Ana," Adams said meditatively, trying to guess the meaning of the word.

"Evet — ya Ana!" the child cried hopefully.

"Very well, we'll try you with water." Adams placed the child on a divan, went into the dining-room, and returned with a glass of water, which he offered to his pupil.

Rage and disappointment came into the face of the boy, and with a sweep of his hand he sent glass and water out of the window. Then he began to laugh at his own act, and throwing his arms around the Englishman's neck, he kissed him several times, though still he kept on repeating "Anassim!"

The tutor patted the child soothingly. He was aware of a subtle perfume about the boy, so faint and delicate as hardly to be perceptible,

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yet so different from any he had ever inhaled before that he felt that he should recognize it again anywhere. The boy cuddled up to him and patted him in return, and endeared himself to the man in a way Adams would have thought impossible a few hours before.

But the child was not satisfied. He rose, put his two hands on the man's shoulders, and peering intently into his eyes, said wistfully: "Addám, anassim isterim."

"Yes, my boy, if I only knew what 'anassim' was, I'd do my best to get it for you."

"Evet, evet, anassim," the boy said eagerly.

"Let's try games instead." Adams rose and tossed the child up toward the ceiling, catching him as he came down. This game delighted Bayazet so that he forgot his other wants. Higher and higher did he fly, filling the room with his childish cries of delight. After the tutor thought he had been tossed enough, he dropped to the ground on all fours, and was horse for the little colonel. Bayazet grasped hold of his collar and trotted and galloped around the room in ecstasy.

Thus engaged Lala Sheddin found them.

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“Well, you do make a good nursemaid. You must have boys of your own.”

“No; but it’s easy to know what a boy would like,” Adams replied, a trifle sheepish at being found in so undignified a position.

The eunuch spoke to the child, and to Adams’s surprise, the little prince gladly went to him, his face lighting up with joy, crying, “Anassim!”

“He has been wanting ‘anassim’ for a long time,” said the Englishman. “I was trying to distract his mind from it with games, since I could not give it to him. What is it?”

“It means,” said the eunuch wearily, “‘my mother.’” He patted the child. “Poor little fellow!”

Bayazet shook hands with his tutor.

“Good-bye,” said Adams formally. “Hope I shall see you to-morrow.”

“Good-bye,” repeated the little prince; “hopishe —” He could get no further in this new language; but when the eunuch translated the words to him, he replied volubly in Turkish that he was surely coming, since he loved “his man” very much.

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The Englishman dined alone that night. Afterwards he paced listlessly up and down his veranda, facing the water. He would have liked to walk down to its edge, but did not consider it prudent to do so without asking whether he might. So many things were coming into his mind to ask about that he took out his notebook and jotted them down. Presently he reëntered his pavilion and began to explore that. Luxuriously furnished, by a little rearrangement it could be made quite homelike and comfortable. He made another entry in his notebook.

Examining the various cupboards and closets, he found them well stocked with cigars, cigarettes, sweetmeats, and other delicacies. He went upstairs, and everywhere found all his material needs supplied. He stepped out on the balcony outside his sleeping-room. It was half-filled with the wide-spreading branches of a huge wistaria tree. Night or day, he could see nothing from this balcony, which faced the palace, a quarter of a mile away from him.

He went out on the balcony of his upstairs sitting-room. The view from here was enchant-

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ing. He stretched himself on a low wicker divan and let his thoughts play with his past and wander into the future. What would that future be? It was promising enough in a way. He no longer dreaded the absence of discipline: he felt certain that he should never need it. His pupils lacked the force and high spirits which call for discipline — all except Bayazet. What a delightful little chap he was. He had spirit enough, and he meant to foster, not to break, that spirit. A misgiving followed the pleasure he had in the thought of the lad. Suppose that Bayazet were not to come again? He was so little he might easily be returned to the nursery for another five years. Of a sudden Adams's position as tutor became colorless and without interest.

The last light of the afterglow faded from the sky; the darkness came; and the stars shone down from the Oriental sky with a brilliance he had never seen equaled elsewhere; and in the starlight the landscape took on fantastic shapes, as if it were a part of his reverie, and were changing as magically as his own fortunes had in the last few days.

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Adams did not move until he was roused by hearing the voice of Lala Sheddin calling his name from below.

"I am coming," he answered.

In the sitting-room downstairs Lala Sheddin awaited him, an anxious expression on his face.

"Come up with me to the palace," he said.

"Anything the matter?"

"Bayazet has cried himself into a fever. He is still crying, and we can do nothing to stop him."

"Why is he crying?"

"Because he wants something he must not have. Maybe you will be able to divert him again, as you did this afternoon."

They heard the child's screams as soon as they came near the palace. "My mother! I want my mother — my beautiful mother! Little lion wants his mother."

The tutor found the child sitting on a couch, swaying to and fro, and never ceasing his cries. A bewildered crowd of courtiers stood about him, manifestly at their wits' ends. At sight of the tutor Bayazet threw out his arms toward him. "Oh, my man," he wailed, "these

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beasts, these dogs keep me from my mother. I want my mother! Take me to her.”

The Englishman took the boy in his arms, and picked up a coverlet to wrap him in. Bayazet kicked it away, too feverish to stand any more warmth.

Adams talked soothingly to the child, who listened attentively, his little soul in his big eyes. Seeing him quiet, the Englishman tried to play some game with him, but the child refused to play. He was not screaming now, but large round tears were dripping down his flushed cheeks. Over and over again he explained to the tutor that he was tired, that he wanted to go to sleep — that he wanted to go to sleep with his mother, and that he was kept from going to sleep with his mother. “Take me to her! Take me to her!” he commanded.

When he realized that his beloved man was failing him also, he began to scream again, filling the palace with his cries.

Of a sudden a hush descended upon the room; all the men salaamed to the ground, and the Englishman found himself face to face with the ruler of this land. Before the Sultan Adams

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alone stood erect, holding the child in his arms.

Bayazet stopped his cries, and held out his arms to his father. "Oh, my dear father, take me to my mother, take me to my mother," he begged.

The Sultan frowned upon the child. "You are displeasing me very much. You are making too much noise. It is by my express wish that you have been taken away from her, and that you are going to live like a man in this part of the house, and not be coddled like a baby. To-day you have been made a colonel, and a sword has been belted on you. You are disgracing both your uniform and your sword by yelling like an infant. I wish you to cease, and act as befits a man and a colonel."

The Englishman was astonished at the expression that appeared on the child's face. He would not have imagined that it could have depicted so much rage. The boy clenched his fists and shook them in the air.

"I am not a man. I am only a young lion, and I want my mother — *my mother! my mother!*" His screams were terrifying.

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“Your majesty,” Adams said, “I am afraid he will kill himself with screaming.”

The Sultan spoke again to the child, who hushed his howling to listen; but finding his mother still denied him, started in afresh.

Like a whirlwind some one leaped into the room. The men all fell to the floor, and covered their faces, as the small, lithe figure of a woman sprang past the Sultan, wrenched the child from the Englishman’s arms, and tore out of the room with the same speed with which she had entered it.

The men remained prostrate. The Sultan’s face was dark and passionate. He spoke to the Englishman in tones full of menace:—

“You have dared to raise your eyes to the face of one of my wives!”

An Oriental would have lied. The Englishman only said: “Was it a woman, your majesty? I thought it was the spirit of a hurricane.”

The Sultan relaxed. “You have named her, man. You have named her—the spirit of the hurricane!”

CHAPTER V

THE TUTOR'S FIRST DAYS

ALTHOUGH it was late when he was again alone in his pavilion, the imperial tutor did not prepare for his night's rest. He felt that he wanted none. As before, he stretched himself out on the wicker divan, in the warm night air, and became lost in reverie. From time to time he admonished himself with "You are an ass, Lionel!" from which one might have inferred that he did not like the trend of his thoughts, were it not that man often takes the keenest interest in life when he is able thus to address himself.

Even as he said the words he would bring his hand to his lips — the hand she had touched with her own when she had torn her son from his arms. On his hand and his coat-sleeve there still lingered the faintest odor of her perfume, the same perfume he had noticed on Bayazet.

"The spirit of a hurricane!" No, that was

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blasphemy! She was the spirit of all that was most loving and tender — and unhappy. What a dark country was this that a man might not even come to the assistance of such a one as she. Yet powerless to do anything to help her, he was glad that he was at least near her, was within the same walled enclosure as she. At this point again Adams shook himself, like a dog coming out of the water, and murmured, “Lionel, you *are* an ass!”

Just before day he must have dozed off, for when he again was conscious it was broad daylight. He sprang up and went downstairs. His servitor was already there, and a few minutes later brought him a cup of black coffee. Then the Turk started a conversation in signs, and, unable to make the Englishman understand, took him by the hand and conducted him to the bath-house, reached by a covered balcony. Small as it was, it stood by itself, in order that the heat might not come into the pavilion. After bath and breakfast Lala Sheddin arrived, in a gloomy mood. He gave some brief instructions and departed.

At nine, the first group of princes arrived.

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They were the eldest, and the eldest among them salaamed gracefully and took his seat on the divan. Although they were all about the same age, the etiquette of seniority was rigidly observed. The second in age only took his place after the first had indicated that he might, by saluting him. He in turn salaamed to the one who was to follow him; and thus, one by one, all six took their seats. All were dressed in their military clothes, and placed their swords across their knees. Then the one who had taken his seat first spoke:—

“My brother, Prince Murad, salutes you. He is sorry that he will be unable to come to-day. He is in his haremlik, where one of his ladies is ill.”

After this there was silence, Adams wondering just how he was to begin his teaching, since there were neither books, pencils, nor paper. What should he teach them, and how? The princes themselves evinced not the slightest curiosity on the subject. They remained indifferently silent, playing with the beads they carried in their bejeweled hands.

Presently the third prince touched his fin-

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gers to his lips and then to his military cap, from the edge of which hung jewels, and said something to his oldest brother. The oldest brother touched his fingers to his lips, and waved his hand, granting permission to speak. Then the third boy addressed the tutor:—

“Tell us how you learned your studies in your country.”

“Do you all understand English?” Adams asked.

They nodded.

He told them of his school days. They were interested—at least, their dark eyes remained fixed on him and they did not interrupt him once. Exerting himself to entertain them, he now and then caused them to smile and display their beautiful white teeth. They smiled where other boys the world over would have broken into an uproar of noisy laughter. Unquestionably they were the best-behaved boys he had ever seen. Lala Sheddin was right: Osmanli boys were different from other boys, and the princes of the house of Othman were different from any other princes in the world.

After an hour, grooms arrived, leading

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richly caparisoned horses. The princes rose in the same order of precedence and with the same formality with which they had entered, and mounted their horses. Fully a quarter of an hour was occupied in the salaaming which accompanied this. Each prince was assisted in mounting by two grooms and his own body-guard.

The tutor inspected their seat in the saddle and their way of holding their reins. He asked them if they would like to learn to mount unassisted, and gave them their first lesson in this. They then rode through the wooded avenues, within the palace enclosure, passing many separate establishments of the different princes, the boundaries of which were close rows of evergreen trees, shutting from view all that was within, while affording no protection in case of any revolt against the rule of the Sultan. A few burly eunuchs at some of these residences showed that there was no lack of watch-dogs. These, as well as some gardeners who were encountered, prostrated themselves as the princes rode by.

The return to the pavilion was timed to meet

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the second group of princes. The first group dismounted and salaamed to the second, and the second to the first. This was repeated again, the salutation consisting of touching, with the right hand, the ground, the knee, the heart, the lips, and the forehead. As he watched the numerous genuflections all the princes went through, the Englishman acknowledged that Mahomet was indeed a great prophet: for this constant salaaming kept the body supple and graceful: it took the place of dumb-bells and calisthenics.

This second group of princes, a little younger than the first, knew English less well than their brothers. They spoke it slowly and haltingly, with many mistakes. Their horsemanship, too, was inferior, and the time with them passed more quickly, there being more for him to do in teaching them. They did not leave him till luncheon time, an hour which plunged the world into even greater silence than the one that usually reigned here.

At four in the afternoon, his man brought Adams his coffee, and shortly afterwards a batch of ten little princes, between nine and

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eleven years old, appeared. They knew no English, but spoke French well, and he began teaching them his language by showing them objects in the room and slowly saying the English names to them. They were passively amused when they could not quite catch the pronunciation of the words. They had ear and a certain amount of willingness to learn; but what the Englishman marveled at was the repose, the dignity, and the courtesy they possessed even at that early age. This group had not yet learned to ride, yet the rapidity with which, under his instruction, they picked up the rudiments of horsemanship, reminded Adams that, in spite of their present surroundings, they came of a nation which for centuries had lived in the open and in company with horses.

In the late afternoon all the princes arrived together, and the amount of mutual salaaming was increased in proportion to their numbers. Prince Murad was now with them, — he who had been absent in the morning, — and the Englishman wondered whether he ought to ask him how his lady was, or to ignore his

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morning's absence. Not knowing what to do he only said, "I'm glad to have you with us again."

Prince Murad, as the eldest, was spokesman, when present. "Sing to us," he ordered. Adams sang a nursery rhyme to them, and was obliged to repeat it several times. "If there were a piano, I could also play to you," he suggested, and they all nodded approval of the idea.

His scholars left the Englishman without having caused him a single moment's trouble. As he watched their departure, accompanied by a small army of bodyguards, and heard the clanging of their swords, which seemed so incongruous with their innocuous conduct, he wondered anew whether the fiery and tempestuous little Bayazet would in a few years grow to be as passive and acquiescent as his elder brothers. Several times during the day he had been on the point of inquiring after Bayazet, but remembered that he was not to ask questions.

The first day's work of the imperial tutor was now at an end, and he was at liberty, — such liberty as the palace grounds afforded, —

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and just how much that was he did not yet know. He went upstairs in his pavilion, and after an instant's hesitation, passed out on the balcony which faced the palace. He tried to divine what was going on up there where *she* lived. All that he could see was the dense column of great trees, five abreast, standing between him and the palace, like royal guards, their intertwining branches seeming to bar the way even to his thoughts. Yet for that they were not strong enough, and though he could not see even the glitter of the setting sun on the gilded lattices of the haremlik, he could almost see her holding her boy in her arms, in her room, beyond the column of trees. He was glad that Bayazet had not come, this day, for it must mean that he was with her.

That evening did not bring Lala Sheddin; and three more days followed, exactly like the first. For Adams, getting into his work, they passed quickly; and the evenings — though he had nothing to do but sit on his balcony and smoke and dream — the evenings passed quickly, too. At the end of the third day Lala Sheddin appeared. He sank upon a divan.

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"Troubled days," he said, "troubled days."

Lala Sheddin, half an hour before, had received from the tutor's servant a minute account of all the doings of the tutor, and he was pleased with him.

"I am glad you came," the Englishman said. "There are a number of things I want to ask you about." He opened his notebook: "May I walk down to the shore in the evening? May I rearrange things here in the pavilion as I like? And is there any objection to my smoking a pipe — I notice you provided only cigars and cigarettes?" He looked up at the eunuch. "I have done nothing about the first two, but I *have* been smoking my pipe."

Lala Sheddin laughed. "You are a model man," he exclaimed. "Yes, you may rearrange the pavilion to suit yourself, you may smoke your pipe, and you may walk to the shore—in that direction." He pointed. "The other leads toward the women's gardens, and though they are some distance away, I should advise you not to approach them."

"Very well," Adams assented.

A pause followed, during which the head

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eunuch, though he appeared most absent-minded, was observing the Englishman intently.

"There was a tutor here once," he went on dryly, "who, impelled by the idle curiosity which you Europeans seem to develop, strolled in the direction which I had advised him not to. It was quite innocent curiosity, I believe, but he only took twenty-seven steps beyond the boundary which I had indicated to the eunuchs. I know, because I paced the distance to the body myself — and ten eunuchs received a stroke of the lash apiece for every one of those twenty-seven steps."

Adams offered no comment on this, and the two men sat in silence for some minutes in the deepening dusk.

"I have explained this to you so minutely in order that you may not err inadvertently," Lala Sheddin remarked dryly. "You Europeans always want to have explained the reasons for things. You have not learned the virtue of obeying without understanding. Have you anything more in your notebook?"

"Yes; I should like to have a regular school-

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house, fitted up with maps and blackboards, with a piano and a harp."

"What kind of maps?"

"Geographical maps."

Lala Sheddin shook his head. "No, you can't have any maps. Maps are lying things, which would tell the princes that there are other countries as large as Turkey." He spoke in perfect soberness, but Adams guessed that there must be a twinkle of humor in his eyes. "And what will you do with the blackboards?"

"I can teach English words easier to the boys who know no English, and it will help with those that do. Also I can use them for arithmetic."

"You need not bother about arithmetic. They will never need it. They do not keep accounts. They are given money to spend, and when it is gone they are given more. That is enough arithmetic for princes. You may have the blackboards, though, and the schoolhouse. There is a kiosk down near the water, with two large rooms. How large should you like the blackboards?"

"The largest you can find; and I should like

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about a dozen slates for the use of the boys themselves. If one of the rooms is fitted with desks, I think it would be better. I can draw the design for them, and the carpenter can make them. The other room might be fitted up as a music-room; for they like me to sing and play to them."

"What more is in your notebook?"

"Am I allowed to visit the stables and the kennels, and make friends with the animals?"

"You may. What else?"

"Well, I should like to learn some Turkish, to get along a bit better with my man here. Have you any objection to that?"

"So you mean to make a long stay?" the eunuch queried.

"I should like to."

"You are interested in your work?"

"It is not hard."

"What have the boys asked you?"

"They ask very little. They like riding, and most of their questions deal with that."

"You ride very well," the eunuch commented. "I like your seat and the way you manage your horse."

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"When did you see me?"

"Every time you went out."

"I did not see you."

"It is my business to see all, and not to be seen. How had you thought of setting about learning Turkish?"

"If I had a book with Turkish words and their pronunciation on one side, and the English translation on the other, I could study a good deal by myself. Then I should want some one to read the words to, who would correct my pronunciation."

"I should be pleased to do that for you."

"Thank you."

Lala Sheddin played with his beads for a while. "Is there nothing else in your notebook?"

"That is all."

"And you have nothing more to ask me?"

"No."

"Mashallah! But you are the man after my own heart. I don't suppose you have thought at all about Prince Bayazet?"

"I have thought a great deal about him."

"And you do not ask?"

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"That does not mean that I should not be glad to hear anything you may care to tell me."

"He is a veritable eagle, that little boy of four! He is the son of his mother."

Had Lala Sheddin known how eager the Englishman was to hear about Bayazet's mother, he might not have trusted him as he was doing at this moment. But the Englishman's face was passive, his manner indifferent. His pipe was between his lips, his hands in his pockets.

"The boy is ill."

"Oh!" — the English "Oh!" than which no more non-committal monosyllable exists.

"He cried himself into a fever that night, and he has had fever ever since. Four doctors have been by his bedside; for the Padishah thinks more of that son of his than of any other — just as he thinks more of the boy's mother than of any other of his wives. Fate is humorous: every other woman in his palace is ready to please the Padishah, and he wants the one woman who does not want him. Kismet! Even a Padishah must have his troubles, lest he forget that Allah is greater than he." The eunuch got on his feet. "If you find after riding many

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horses that there are some you like very much, say so, and they will be reserved for you. Is your man attentive to you?"

"A little too much. I should rather have him go after his work is done."

"Very well. I will tell him that there is no need of his staying." The double meaning in the words was lost on the Englishman. "Is there anything you would like to have to eat which you do not have?"

"I have everything, I thank you."

"The Prophet does not believe in drinks. I regret it for your sake — especially since you do not believe in the Prophet."

"I am beginning to have a great deal of admiration for the Prophet. He keeps his people sober, and gives them plenty of exercise."

"You have been seeing the people pray?"

"No, but I have seen them salaam."

"Well, when you see them pray you will have to admit that the Prophet was a great physician. Now, good-night! You had better take to our praying and salaaming to keep yourself in condition."

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The Englishman laughed.

"Oh, by the way, I was told that Prince Murad did not come to his lessons this morning, because he was in the haremlik with a sick lady, his mother, I presume. What is the etiquette? Was I supposed to inquire about the lady's health?"

"No, never mention the word 'harem' to any of the princes. Between you and them the word does not exist. It was n't Prince Murad's mother who was ill, anyway. It was one of his wives."

The Englishman lost a bit of his passivity. "You don't mean to say that he is already married!"

"All of the princes who came to you first are married. Prince Murad has two wives."

CHAPTER VI

THE GREAT MAGICIAN OF STAMBOUL

IN a huge, underground chamber of the palace toiled the Great Magician of Stamboul. He had been here for days and nights, and had wasted away many pounds since he had come. Of late years, with prosperity, he had waxed fat. When his services had come into demand even at the imperial palace, he had considered his fortune assured. Now he was bending over a copper brazier of live coals, and the smoke from his dread ingredients was thick, and he was muttering exorcising words with a fervor he had never shown before in his life. But it was not so much the hope of reward as the fear of death that caused the drops of anxious sweat to pour off his brow. There was only one entrance to the room occupied by the Great Magician, and Albanian guards were stationed outside the door. They would let no one in — they would let no one escape through

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that doorway. And desperately the magician toiled away at his magics.

In another part of the palace four European physicians were quartered. Magic and science were both working to save the life of Prince Bayazet; for the Padishah, in spite of his boast that he had many other sons, and that many more could be born to him, felt a love for fiery little Bayazet such as he entertained for none other. If Bayazet were to die, then death should come to other men also, in order that the sorrow of the ruler might be appeased. He could not kill the European doctors without creating unpleasant European complications; but the magician with his boasted skill could be crushed like a worm — and the magician knew it.

Although, in their quarters, the aspect of the four European doctors was grave, their state of mind was less distressful than the magician's. As the seed floats to its destination on the thistledown, so the seed of an idea had been wafted from Lala Sheddin's mind to theirs — wafted so delicately that hardly a spoken word had been necessary. They knew that it

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would be well if they did not minimize to the Padishah the dangers which beset their patient, well also if Bayazet's recovery were not to set in until the eunuch pronounced him convalescing. These European doctors had lived long enough in Turkey to know that the hints of a trusted eunuch were not to be disregarded. Besides they were human, those doctors, greedy for decorations, and large rewards, and the fame which the report of marvelous cures brings. To snatch an imperial prince from the very jaws of death was an achievement more worth while than merely the curing of a slight indisposition — and which of us is unheroic enough not to prefer the great achievement to the petty deed?

On the fifth night, one of the doctors, as usual, was left to keep watch over the child, and with him was Lala Sheddin. To-night there were complications. Lala Sheddin had to go away for a time, yet he could not leave any man alone in the haremlik of the Sultan, and there was no other eunuch that he cared to trust to take his place. The midnight hour was past, and the doctor, a youngish man, of

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stout Teutonic build, began to yawn. Furtively Lala Sheddin watched him. When the doctor had yawned seven times, the eunuch spoke to him kindly:—

“Suppose you lie down on the couch in the alcove for a little while. I will watch over the prince, and if I hear any movement, I can call you directly.”

The doctor hesitating, Lala Sheddin added in a whisper: “The mother is anxious to come and sit by the boy. I cannot let her come unless you lie down and pretend to be asleep.”

There is not a European in Turkey who is not desirous of obtaining a glimpse of a Turkish woman, and when it comes to an imperial sultana — The bribe was no small one. The doctor was youngish and handsome, and he had been successful with women. His male egotism was astir. If he lay down in the alcove he should see an imperial beauty — and she would see him! Instinctively his fingers went to his mustache: caressed it, twirled it, and gave it an upward slant. His florid face wore the air of a conqueror.

Not one of these movements was lost on Lala

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Sheddin, and deep within the dried kernel of his own heart he chuckled.

“Come!” he said, rising.

In the alcove was a divan and some pillows. With care Lala Sheddin arranged and fluffed up the pillows. The comfort of the doctor seemed of great importance to the head eunuch. He turned to him:—

“Lie down here. So long as you seem to be asleep it will not matter.”

The doctor stretched himself on the couch. It was not the usual hard couch found in Turkey, it was soft and yielding. A curious pungent odor clung to the pillows — “An odd perfume for a sultana,” thought the doctor. “I wonder what it is.”

They were his last conscious thoughts. Lala Sheddin, with a vacant expression, watched the lids of the doctor flicker, half-close, then sink down over his eyes, and his breathing come with the regularity that bespeaks the real, not the sham, sleeper.

The eunuch brought from his pocket a case about the size of a cigar-case. It was carefully wrought and fitted hermetically. Unfastening

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it, he took out two dried leaves. He rubbed them between his hands, and the same odor the doctor had noticed emanated from them. The powdered leaves he put in a handkerchief, crushing it together till the leaves were well rubbed into the cambric, and then he placed the handkerchief over the face of the sleeping man. "Now you will be out of the way for more time than I need," he muttered.

He turned to the sleeping prince, and as he gazed upon him, his expression was far from vacant. Whatever was human in Lala Sheddin was alive in him now. "Every bit her child," he murmured. "Every bit her son—in face as well as spirit." He bent and lightly passed his hands, smelling of the pungent herb, over the face of the prince. "You must be quiet, quiet, quiet!" he said tensely.

Softly he opened the door, and passed out into the anteroom. It was small and empty. There was no possible place where a human being could be concealed; yet he examined every corner, every portière, every impossible spot. Caution had become so ingrained with Lala Sheddin that he would have suspected a

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walking-stick of harboring some one. Having finally assured even himself that no one was there, he cautiously opened a heavily curtained door. Bayazet's mother was in the room beyond, with a trusted woman slave. He beckoned to them to enter; and in spite of the certainty that no one was within earshot, he spoke in so low a tone that it hardly vibrated the air.

"I have put the European donkey to sleep, and a little I gave Prince Bayazet."

"Oh, Lala Sheddin! Is it well for him thus to drug him?" the mother cried.

"We cannot afford to have him awaken while I am gone — and I must go. I shall be back in less than an hour. You must remain on watch here while I am away, and she" — pointing to the woman — "must remain in the outer room. Should a malevolent spirit impel the Padishah to come here while I am gone, you must keep him from entering that room. If he should enter and find me gone, and the man there and you here, — it would mean the end of all things for us, — and for Prince Bayazet as well. He would spare nothing that he could wreak his vengeance on." The eunuch paused, and then

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went on impressively: "Remember, Kizatesh Sultana, the Padishah must not enter that room, even if, to keep him out, you have to pretend that love has suddenly blossomed in your heart for him. If any other persons come to the door of the room," he said, turning to the slave, "tell them my orders are that they are to go away at once if they wish to live twenty-four hours. Now I must leave you. Pray to Allah to be with me. If I succeed, you may keep Prince Bayazet with you in the haremlik for some years longer — and you yourself will be molested by no one."

Lala Sheddin had not boasted to the Englishman when he said that he knew the palace well. He knew it better than any man living — infinitely better than his imperial master. The palace was not the orderly conception of an architect's brain. It had grown up, wing by wing, had crumbled, been rebuilt, and altered many times, as the whim of the ruler, or of this or that favorite wife, had impelled; and during Lala Sheddin's forty years of supremacy he had found it convenient to have certain hidden pas-

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sages made — passages with cleverly concealed doors — by means of which it was possible for him to pass, unseen and unsuspected, from one apartment to another, or to overhear the spoken thoughts of others who thought themselves alone. Thus, although the Albanian guards stood alertly at their posts, to permit neither ingress nor egress to the vaulted room where the Great Magician of Stamboul was evoking the spirits, suddenly, without sound or warning, the arch-eunuch crouched before him.

The magician was so startled that at first he thought he had actually succeeded in calling the spirits from the vasty deep. A sign of caution from Lala Sheddin and the fear of the supernatural was replaced by another fear. The magician trembled as if in the grip of illness.

Lala Sheddin flattened himself out on the floor, in the dark shadows, beneath the copper brazier with its flickering light, and began to speak to the magician. He spoke so low that the magician had to bend to catch the words. He spoke at length, and then the magician repeated certain words several times over, as if learning a certain formula.

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As silently as he had come, the eunuch went away, in the shadows. Even the magician did not see him move from the darkness beneath the flickering light from the brazier. "Mashallah! He disappears like a djinn," the magician muttered, with the sincere admiration of a fellow craftsman.

Nothing untoward had happened during Lala Sheddin's absence. He found the slave woman in the outer room, and Kizatesh Sultana on guard where he had left her. He waved his hand to her.

"All is well! Your star, carried by the sun, is high in the heavens. Go now to sleep."

"Lala Sheddin, let me see my boy—just one peep," she begged.

Autocrat though he was within his own sphere, he found it hard to refuse her.

"Come, then, and come quickly. We must not spoil things to gratify a weakness."

Prince Bayazet's curly head on the little white pillow lay motionless, in deepest slumber.

"Make him move, Lala Sheddin. Let me see signs of life to take with me to remember." She pleaded low and earnestly, with the rich tones

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in her voice which made those who heard her wish to obey her. Lala Sheddin rubbed his hands together, and touched the child.

“Wake! Wake!” he repeated.

The little prince stirred. One of his hands moved. The mother caught him to her breast and held him for a second, her face alight with joy. With half-closed eyes Lala Sheddin watched her, unwonted tenderness softening the hard lines of his face; yet when she put the child down and thanked him for his kindness, he spoke savagely to her:—

“Begone, woman; begone, I say! Have n’t we run enough risks to-night?”

On the seventh day after Bayazet had been taken ill, at the hour when the muezzin was calling the faithful to prayer, the magician was brought into the presence of the Shadow of Allah on Earth. He had a message to deliver from the spirits, and this was it:—

“Prince Bayazet had been torn from childhood and thrust into manhood. This must not be: for five years more he must remain a child—remain within the care of the woman who

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had borne him. And during this time she, the woman who had borne Prince Bayazet, must see the face of no man, not even of her husband. Were either of these conditions to be broken, the vengeance of the spirits would descend upon the Padishah himself, and he should die."

These were venturesome words to speak to the face of the Sultan, and he paled, half with anger, half with fear.

"When did this message come?" he asked, trying to sneer away a tremor in his voice.

"It was at the hour when seven stars crossed and recrossed one anothers' courses, O Great Emir. A voice from the depth of the newborn day spoke to me then, and bade me bring you this message. I have no right to question. I can only repeat what the voice said, because after I heard it, as always happens, I fell into a great swoon, only to awaken at the dawn of the morning star."

Had the Sultan had any doubts of the genuineness of the message they would have been dispelled when on that same day the four European doctors pronounced the young prince entirely out of danger. They left the palace

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loaded down with gifts, and each one wearing his decoration — yet it was the Great Magician of Stamboul who carried away the greater riches. Immediately after that all trace of him was lost. He had reached the summit of his ambition — he had been called to the palace: he did not desire to have that dangerous distinction conferred on him again. As for Lala Sheddin, he went about his various difficult tasks with his habitual expression of heaviness, managing to keep an army of eunuchs from envying him and a greater army of women from hating him.

CHAPTER VII

“YOUNG, AND ALONE, AND DEFENSELESS”

As was his evening habit, the Englishman was stretched out on his chaise-longue on the veranda, smoking and looking up at the stars and pondering on this strange life into which he had been thrown, a life that had not yet had time to become commonplace. He was hoping that Lala Sheddin might come and tell him something of what was happening up there in that huge palace, not half a mile from his pavilion, but which might as well have been on the other side of the globe, so unapproachable was it.

It must have been a good night for hoping; for suddenly, without Adams's having heard a sound, the head eunuch stood before him.

“Well, I *am* glad to see you, Lala Sheddin,” Adams cried, springing from his chair, “and forgive this one question: How is Prince Bayazet?”

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"The doctors have gone away — so has the Great Magician of Stamboul," the eunuch answered.

"Had a magician, did you?" the Englishman commented.

The quick ear of the other noted disapproval. Lala Sheddin sat down, and after the Englishman was also seated, drew his chair close to his host's. When he spoke, his voice would not have carried three yards.

"Ah, my young friend, the magician was much more useful than the doctors — though they helped also, in their place." In the bright starlight the eunuch, with humorous intentness, watched Adams's face as he refilled his pipe. "Are you not afraid that you may burst?" he asked gravely.

"Burst — how?" the tutor inquired.

"With all that you would like to know — and do not ask about."

"A condition of my staying here was that I was not to ask questions," Adams observed dryly.

"Not from the princes." Lala Sheddin touched his nose knowingly with his forefinger.

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"Sometimes you may ask from me. But now, tell me, did the carpenters do well in the school-rooms?"

"Oh, yes. They are fitted up capitally now. I am surprised that with all the anxiety you have had you should have thought of them at all. I had forgotten about them myself."

"You were anxious—I was not; though there were certain combinations I had to bring to a happy culmination."

Adams felt a certain amount of annoyance with the eunuch. Little as he had seen of him during the ten days he had been here, he had already come to realize that he was not an ordinary man. He admired and respected him, as an Englishman will always respect ability wherever he meets it. But because the eunuch was shrewd beyond Adams's imagination, he was annoyed and baffled, as an Englishman is by what he does not understand. He suspected Lala Sheddin of putting more "side" into his mysteriousness than there was really occasion for. In his next question he reverted to the simpler matter of the schoolrooms.

"Did you yourself choose those blackboards,

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slates, and musical instruments? They were just what I wanted."

The Mussulman shook his head. "I never leave the palace. I was born here, and all I know is here. I have seen the men composing the outside world, and with few exceptions they give me no desire to see it. Besides, I have all I can do here. There are five thousand people who live in this enclosure: a quarter of them fear me; a quarter hate me; another quarter envy me; and the other quarter attribute to me supernatural powers. And I — well, I fear one person, and I care for two; I am sorry for some, and the rest I despise. Yet there is a great deal to do to keep those five thousand people from — how shall I say — from developing so much friction that they shall get on fire. As for the Padishah —"

The eunuch bowed low as he referred to the august personage. Yet, unless the starlight deceived him, Adams perceived a mocking gleam in his eyes as he raised his head again. Leaving the sentence unfinished, Lala Sheddin inquired:

"Do you like your pupils?"

"Very much. They give me no trouble, and

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they learn quickly — whatever they are interested in.”

“You have a pleasant voice when you sing. You sing even better than you play, and the boys are fond of music. Do you still wish to stay on here?”

“Indeed I do.” Adams’s tone was hearty.

“Tell me why you wish to stay here.”

“It’s a good job.” The tone of the Englishman was less convincing than it had been before.

As if it were a matter of the utmost importance, Lala Sheddin placed the finger-tips of one hand against those of the other — a Turkish trick when thinking or to gain time. He regarded them intently until all five were in place; then he raised his eyes and looked straight into those of the Englishman.

“It is the restful monotony you like?” he asked innocently, — “teaching little boys? Or is it sitting up here, night after night, by yourself, without ever seeing a person?”

“W-e-l-l, I am usually glad to rest after the day’s work,” Adams explained, somewhat lamely. “And then I do see you, you know,

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and I've never met any one who interested me more."

Lala Sheddin did not hide the pleasure he felt at the Englishman's words; yet he shook his head. "You took the post before you had met me. You are young, you are handsome — even better than handsome, you have that about you which must make women love you very much; and from what I understand, the love of women is the most potent factor in the lives of men. Yet you are willing to live here like a Christian monk — why?"

The son of an English lord pondered for a minute. "Lala Sheddin, for some years I have paddled in the wrong course. I resolved to get back where I belonged. Manlove Pasha, who is a friend of my family, believed in me and gave me this chance. I mean to justify his confidence."

"Ah, so you are not a worthy young man who, by diligent studying, has raised himself to the position of tutor to small boys in learning?"

Adams gave a wry smile. "No," he replied.

"You have, what you call in your country, 'blood'?"

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"Yes."

"You are — you were rich?"

"My father is. What came to me from my mother I have already wasted."

"You have nothing except what you will earn here?"

"Quite so."

"At the death of your father, you inherit nothing?"

"He disinherited me — in fact, he believes me dead."

"'Burton Adams' is not your name?"

"No."

"Is your father a great man in his country?"

"He has a great name, and occupies a great position."

"I thought so. I am glad I was right. I am pleased you have 'blood.' It is a good thing to start with — sometimes." The eunuch leaned forward and touched Adams on the shoulder. "I am a lonely old man, and there are few people I like. It is a great deal for me to have you here — to trust you. I can trust you better, I think, because you have paddled in the wrong

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course, as you call it — and have come back to the right one. Now, let us go in where there is a light, and I will begin teaching you Turkish. I shall do so regularly, in order that there shall be a reason why I come to you often.”

Into the difficult study of Turkish the pupil put great efforts. He had an excellent teacher, and within two weeks could read and write a number of useful words, besides speaking a number more. The friendship between the two men grew with that steady, gradual growth which goes far. The eunuch asked to know the Christian name of the Englishman; “for I do not wish to call you by a false name,” he said, and so “Lionel Effendi” he became when they were alone together.

A month later, after their lesson was ended, the eunuch said: “I shall bring Prince Bayazet to you to-morrow.” His tone was casual, but his lynx-like eyes were fastened on the Englishman. He saw the sudden light of pleasure, followed by a troubled look. Leaning toward him Lala Sheddin asked quietly: —

“Why were you glad — and then sorry?”

“I was glad, of course, to see the boy,”

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Lionel replied, with some embarrassment. "He is not an ordinary child."

"And sorry — why were you sorry?"

"Hang it all, man," Lionel stammered, "it's none of my business, but does this mean that *she* has lost the boy again?"

"She — who is 'she'?" the eunuch asked, with a blank, puzzled face.

An uncomfortable flush mounted to the Englishman's face. "You don't expect me to pretend to be indifferent to a woman's sufferings, do you?"

A slow smile crept into the well-controlled countenance of the eunuch. "You were very clever that night in the palace, when the great Calif asked you if you had seen the woman's face. You did not lie, but you *did* see her face." Lala Sheddin drew his chair closer. "Tell me, Lionel Effendi, when you sit upstairs at night and watch the stars, do you — dream of her?"

The Englishman shivered. He had an uncanny fear of this man. "My dear fellow —" he began.

Lala Sheddin interrupted him. "You need not deny it, Lionel Effendi. There is nothing so

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beautiful in the world as to dream of a woman — whom you are never to see again. A woman young, and alone, and defenseless, in the imperial palace: a woman barely eighteen years old — a child, with the heart of an eagle, the courage of a lion. Why should you be ashamed to admit it, Lionel Effendi? She is worth dreaming about, this young mother who is sending you her son to-morrow, and who bids me to tell you that she trusts you, and begs you to make of him a man like yourself.”

“She sends me that message?” The Englishman’s voice sounded strange in his own ears.

“She does. But there is no use of your thinking you will ever see her again; for you never will. Only there is no harm in your dreaming about her, and” — his voice was very low — “and even loving her. It is said that love is the most powerful thing in the world: that by its strength it can protect the beloved one as if surrounding her with the walls of a fortress. She needs it — young, and alone, and defenseless, up there in the imperial palace.”

He rose. “No more to-night, my boy. The strongest of us have weak moments, moments

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when we say and do things which we regret afterwards. Let no such regrets come between us. Good-night!”

Lionel closed the door after the eunuch, and went up to his room, his heart still vibrant with the words: “Young, and alone, and defenseless.” It was hours before he could compose himself to sleep; and even then he dreamed of a woman, barely eighteen, whom once he had seen — and whom he was never to see again.

CHAPTER VIII

MANLOVE PASHA WONDERS

It was a still pale and frail-looking boy, the little Bayazet, whom Lala Sheddin brought to the tutor the next day, but his eyes were clear and as full of fire as ever. He stretched out his arms to Lionel, and his delight was of the greatest when "his man" spoke a few words to him in his newly acquired Turkish. He did not wear his colonel's uniform, but a little frock, with an eaglet embroidered on his breast.

Lala Sheddin pointed to the eaglet. "*She* wears a mother eagle. She embroiders them all herself."

"Is she going to lose him again?" Lionel asked. "You did not tell me last night."

The eunuch shook his head. "She is to keep him for five whole years. Do you see now how important the magician was?" He smiled slightly. "Not only is she to keep him; but during those five years, *he*" — he made a movement of his head in the direction of the palace

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— “*he* is not going to see her. So much I have gained for her.”

A great flare of joy suffused Lionel's whole being. He held out his hand to the eunuch. “Lala Sheddin, you are a man.”

“By the grace of Allah, I should have been,” the eunuch replied quietly.

The other princes entered at this point, and saved the Englishman from the necessity of trying to extricate himself from the embarrassment into which Lala Sheddin's words had thrown him.

With the return of Bayazet, Lionel's daily work became more interesting. He was by far the most intelligent of all the princes, and would have been a remarkable child anywhere. As the boy rapidly learned English, he and his tutor became great chums. While exquisitely childlike in many ways, Bayazet often startled the tutor with thoughts that might have been natural to a precocious boy of sixteen, but which, emanating from his tiny frame, were uncanny. He was the most regular of all the princes in his attendance at school, occupying a little high chair beside the tutor; and when

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his brothers went out to ride, he went, too, sitting on a silk pad in front of the Englishman's saddle. Every night he carried his little slate home with him, and when Lionel suggested that he leave it in the schoolroom with the others, he shook his head vehemently. "No! No! I must take it!" he insisted; and he preserved the English words on his slate from erasure with the greatest care, not even permitting his bodyguard to carry it.

One day, in the middle of the forenoon, the Sultan himself visited the schoolroom. The princes and the tutor rose, and Bayazet, who was pinned in his chair, raised his hands above his head, to give the impression of rising.

The Sultan returned the salute of his sons, then approached Bayazet and asked:—

"Art thou also learning to be a man?"

"The sultana, my mother, has already taught me that," Bayazet replied. "Addám teaches me other things. See!" Painstakingly he wrote on his slate: "I love my father." He read it to the Padishah, and translated it.

The Sultan laughed, and caressed the boy's long, dark curls, which framed his thin, sensi-

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tive face. He touched the jewels embroidered on the ribbon which kept the boy's hair from falling into his eyes.

"These are mean jewels, my son, for such a clever lad as thou art. Tell the sultana, thy mother, that she must ask me for better ones."

Bayazet's head was proudly tossed. "Must the sultana, my mother, beg for jewels, Padi-shah, father? If I am a good lad, may I not receive the jewels without my mother asking for them?"

The Sultan frowned. "Thou art too proud for thy mother, my son. And for thy father, what hast thou in thy heart?"

Bayazet put his ten finger-tips to his lips, then laid his fingers on his head, as the Turks do to express respect. "My father is the Calif of the Faithful, the Shadow of Allah on Earth — so the sultana, my mother, teaches me."

The Sultan smiled. He detached a large emerald from the string of jewels he was playing with, and asked the Englishman to tie it to the boy's ribbon. Graciously salaaming, he left the room. After this it became his custom

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occasionally to drop in on his sons at their studies, and while he took notice of them all, it was manifest to Lionel that his interest was keener in little Bayazet than in any of the others.

To Lala Sheddin the tutor explained that since Bayazet was so much younger than his brothers, it would be well if he could have him alone for some time each day. The eunuch gave his consent at once. Thus Bayazet, in addition to his morning hours, came to "his man" for an hour in the afternoon, before any of his brothers arrived. During this hour Lionel gave Bayazet certain setting-up exercises, to broaden and strengthen his little frame, — exercises which the other princes would have considered beneath their dignity, — and during this hour, also, Lionel gradually began instilling into the lad principles and a mode of thought more suited to the son of an English gentleman than to the son of an Osmanli ruler. And as he came to know him better, he learned that he could trust Bayazet never to betray by the slightest sign that he adopted a different attitude toward him.

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Although Manlove Pasha had occasion to come to the palace every week or two, he had not seen his protégé since the day he entrusted him to Lala Sheddin, having understood from the latter that it would be advisable for the tutor to see few visitors.

Two months had elapsed when one day the head eunuch invited Manlove to stay and take luncheon with his fellow countryman. The older Englishman was very curious to see how Lionel was standing the monotony and confinement of his position. He was surprised to find his young friend not only resigned, but apparently contented. It puzzled the admiral.

“But what do you do when you are not tutoring?” he inquired.

“My work takes up a good deal of my time. Then I have to prepare the lessons — you know I have to be rather circumspect in what I touch on. Would you like to see the schoolroom? I tried to keep things simple,” he explained, when they came to the schoolroom, “but see!” The plain desks were already partly carved with great elaboration; the benches were covered with precious rugs; the walls were hung

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with satins, on which in gold thread were embroidered mottoes from the Koran. "You see they are making sure that any evil effects of my teaching shall be exorcised."

Manlove noticed the child's high chair, covered with hand-woven cloth of gold, standing on the platform beside the tutor's desk.

"You have n't babies, too, have you?" he inquired.

"Only one little chap four years old. Sometimes I think he's the oldest one of the lot, though."

"I had no idea they had such schoolrooms in the palace."

"They did n't. I had to draw the design for these desks, and the palace carpenters made them. Of course I did not mean to have them carved — nor all that frippery on the walls. The mothers sent the rugs and brocades."

"They're pretty little fellows, the princes, are n't they? I suppose it's not to be wondered at, since the mothers are chosen solely for their beauty. Who is the little chap that sits up beside you?"

"Bayazet is his name, and he, at least, is

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better than pretty. In fact, if it did n't sound ridiculous, I should say that he was one of the most remarkable personalities I have ever met."

"H'm! Well, they'll probably manage to stifle that before he's much older. What is in the other room?"

"It's the music-room. Come and see it."

In this other room, besides the satins, the precious rugs, the mother-of-pearl tables, and some golden goblets, stood a piano, a harp, and other musical instruments.

"It's a fortunate thing that I knew a little about music," Lionel observed. "It's the one thing they take an active pleasure in."

"You inherit that from your mother, Lionel. I never have heard a professional whose playing on the harp I liked as well as hers."

"She taught me. We used to play together a good deal."

They sat down in the music-room, lighted their pipes, and took the comfort in each other's company which fellow countrymen find in a foreign land.

"Who are your companions here—aside from the princes?" Manlove asked, still seeking

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for some logical reason for the younger man's apparent contentment.

"Lala Sheddin is my only social visitor. I understand there used to be some other foreign tutors; but he has got rid of them — in one way or another," Lionel replied, thinking of the fate of the one whose curiosity had carried him twenty-seven paces too near the women's gardens. "There are, of course, scores of religious teachers for the boys, but I can't say that they have made any overtures to me. In fact, considering what a little city the place really is, with all the Sultan's brothers and their families and retainers, I have met singularly few persons. About the only ones I have had to practice my Turkish on are the gardeners I see when I go out for a stroll. Each man's life seems to run according to the planning of some master mind."

"Yes, Lala Sheddin's," Manlove said with a nod. "He has been running the palace for close on forty years now." Presently he added, in a puzzled tone: "You seem so contented, Lionel."

"Did n't you expect me to be?" the younger man asked, smiling.

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"Oh, I expected you to make good, but to be contented here, — no, I can't say I did."

"You trusted me, and Lala Sheddin trusts me. I don't believe you know how satisfactory that is, after years of — living under a cloud."

For a time they puffed at their pipes in silence.

"Had your mother lived," Manlove said at last, "it would have been different."

"If only father had n't insisted on my going into the Church. The thought of making it a profession, when I had no vocation for it, seemed to rouse all the worst in me. Still, that was no reason why I should have gone to the dogs."

"Well, you've come safely back, and you may be a stronger man for having extricated yourself. And I shall see to it that you don't have to stay here indefinitely: I'm on the lookout for a more congenial post for you, outside the palace."

Dismay gripped Lionel at the prospect. "Er — I would n't trouble about that. The fact is I'd rather stay here for a while. It — er — pays well, you know." He seized on the most tangible argument, and brought forth a roll of bills.

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"Lala Sheddin paid me this morning, in advance, and asked me to get you to invest the money in England in my own name, which he does not wish to have identified with the name I bear as tutor. I don't know why he made these stipulations; but he usually has some good reason for all he does."

"He knows your real name, then?"

"Yes. He asked me, and I told him. Will you — er — repay yourself out of this the money you lent me when I first came?"

"Quite so, and I will send the rest to England. But you'll want to keep out something for current expenses, won't you."

"The palace, apparently, attends to my current expenses. Lala Sheddin gave me a purse full of silver soon after I came, but I've hardly touched it. Everything I ask for comes to me without payment. The odd thing is that, as nearly as I can make out, the person who gets me what I want is the imperial cook."

Manlove broke into immoderate laughter.

"Yes, he would be the man to do it," he exclaimed, when he recovered his gravity. "You have n't met him yet, I presume. Turkey is

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certainly the place for incongruities. The cook is a Greek of very high birth, and one of the cleverest men in the empire. He has been governor of various provinces, and a Councilor of State. His hobby used to be food. To hear him describe the cooking of some of the dishes he invented was like listening to a poem; and if you were lucky enough to be invited to eat one of his dishes — well, you knew how a poem tasted. He used to say that food would be his undoing — and it was. One day he happened to describe one of his dishes to the Sultan. The Sultan commanded him to descend to his kitchen and prepare the dish. After he tasted it, he at once created the Greek head cook of the palace.” Manlove broke into fresh laughter at the thought. “The Sultan certainly gained a good cook, though the State lost one of its ablest men. However, he and Lala Sheddin get along famously together, so perhaps the State has lost the statesman in appearance only.”

“But does n’t the Greek mind being reduced to a cook?”

“Oh, no. It makes no difference in his social

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position, and the whole thing is a huge joke among the diplomats. As for Anton Effendi himself, he says he has more money now than he ever had before; for he receives his salary punctually. If he does n't, he neglects the cooking, and that is of far more importance to the Sultan than if, as Councilor of State, he had refused to attend to his duties. The Sultan can run the government himself—but he can't cook." Manlove rose to go, and held out his hand for the roll of bills. "How much is there?" he asked.

"A thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds," the older man repeated slowly. "That's not bad—especially paid in advance."

He stood with the roll of bills in his hand, his eyes narrowed, pondering. He had been so long in Turkey that instinctively he searched for the underlying motive. "I wonder if he paid all his tutors at that rate?" he murmured.

CHAPTER IX

THE DREAMS OF KIZATESH SULTANA

No salary had been specified when Lionel first came to the palace. The thousand pounds he had entrusted to Manlove Pasha he had supposed to be his salary for the coming year; but six months later Lala Sheddin gave him two thousand pounds more, with no explanation, but with the same instruction for its safe investment in England.

Again, six months after the second payment, the eunuch handed to the Englishman a fat roll of bills.

"But I have already had my salary," stammered Lionel. "You gave me a thousand pounds a year ago, and then two thousand more, and now this—"

"Five thousand pounds sterling," Lala Sheddin concluded with a nod.

"Really, I have already been overpaid," Lionel protested.

"There is no intrinsic value to any work,"

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the eunuch declared sententiously. "It is the man who does the work who has the value. Every day you are worth more to me, and what I am able to pay you I do not consider enough. When you leave here I wish you to be in a position to live in your country as your father's son should live. This only makes eight thousand pounds placed in England to your name."

A feeling of dismay swept over the Englishman. "I thought I was to stay here a long time. I—I have become very fond of Bayazet. I should like to stay here so long as he needs a tutor."

Lala Sheddin waved his hand. "Who are we to guess what the future holds in store for us? All we can do is to prepare. Money is the fuel of life. It is well to have a great deal of that fuel. Some day I may ask you to do something for me."

It was not the first time that the eunuch had dropped a hint of a service which the Englishman might be able to render him in the future. Could Lala Sheddin be providing for the time when something might go wrong and his long control of palace affairs come to an end?

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Feinting, to find out if this might be so, Lionel asked:—

“Do you not ever wish to travel and see something of the world?”

The eunuch smiled. “When a thought is born in your brain, Lionel Effendi, tell it to me straight. You think I give you this money so that some day I may ask a part of it back from you? Well, if the fortunes of life are uncertain everywhere in the world, — as our wise ones tell us, — how doubly uncertain must they be here, where all depends on the whim of a man who has never known what it was to curb his whims.”

After this Lionel had no compunction in accepting the sums of money which Lala Sheddin from time to time gave him. If he could do anything to insure the comfort of Lala Sheddin when finally his tact should prove insufficient to meet some whim of his imperial master's, Lionel was only too glad to do it; for the passing time gave the Englishman a more sincere liking and admiration for this sad-faced being, who had so much power and so few friends.

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One day Lala Sheddin asked abruptly:—

“Tell me, does Bayazet ever talk to you about — her?”

“Y-e-s, sometimes.”

The eunuch remained silent a long time.

“You know she studies very hard with her little son. That is why he always insists on carrying his slate himself. He is afraid lest the bodyguard may rub out some of the words. He takes such pains with her. His manner is so like yours, when you teach, that he might be your son. Now we always speak English together, she and I, when we are alone. They live very close to each other, those two isolated ones.”

“Is her life very lonely?”

“She never sees any one, except her women, and Bayazet, and me. There are two eunuchs whom I trust, who sleep outside the threshold of her apartment.”

“Has she no relatives — no one who belongs to her?”

“She has no one in the world but me,” the eunuch replied, his face softened.

“I suppose her parents are dead,” Lionel

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said tentatively, fearing lest he was showing too great an interest.

“No one knows about them. She was found as a year-old baby below the cliffs of the island of Crete, after one of the Cretan uprisings had been put down. On that unfortunate island, when word comes to the women that their men have been defeated by the Turkish armies, they either set fire to a keg of powder in some house where they all assemble, and blow themselves up with their babies; or, if they have no powder, they hurl themselves from the cliffs into the sea. Kizatesh Sultana must have been thrown over the cliffs by her mother, and have escaped by a miracle. A soldier found her at the edge of the sea, playing with the water. He carried her inside his coat to keep her warm, and fed her with bread-crumbs and what milk he could get. He brought her to his home, and at the age of three, sold her to a great lady. There, a few years later, the sister of the Sultan saw her, was charmed with her, — as all were, — and brought her here. She was a delightful child, full of joy, laughter, and high spirits. That is why they named her Kizatesh, which

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means 'child of fire.' She was like a lighted brazier, giving warmth and pleasure to all around her. She could coax anything out of anybody, and all the women used her to squeeze privileges out of me — for I was her slave from the first.

"There never was a question of her being destined for the Padishah; for although her eyes were wonderful, she was small and slight, and on the whole not beautiful enough for a Sultan. Yet, on her fourteenth birthday, the Padishah, spending an afternoon with his sister, saw her, fell under her spell, and chose her to be his wife. There was no chance of saving her. Bayazet was born that same year, and her foster mother, the Sultan's sister, died a few months later."

The eunuch sat silent, looking before him, vacantly. Finally he continued: "Some of the Turkish laws protect women. One of these says that when a woman is about to have a child she shall not be molested — and so long after the birth of the child as she chooses to nurse it. That law protected Kizatesh for almost two years. And as the mother of an imperial prince,

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and therefore a sultana, she was given her own apartments, her own allowance, her jewelry, and her retainers.

“How strange it is,” Lala Sheddin mused, to himself rather than to Lionel, “that the little girl whom no one thought beautiful enough for the ruler should be the one he should choose himself, and the one he should continue to want, when he tires so quickly of all the others. At the time of her marriage, Kizatesh was even younger than her years, playing with her dolls, and climbing the trees, and talking to the birds and the flowers. She became a woman in a night—and a terrible woman. She rebelled against that which to all other women was the highest honor; and when two years later the Sultan again presented his affections to her, she refused to listen to him.

“Where she found the strength to resist, the courage to dare and to fight for her freedom against the man who by all the laws was her husband, is beyond understanding. Entreaties, jewels, garments—all were of no avail. Then the Padishah became angry. He swore that she should be brought to her senses by other

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means than love, since love failed. She was as unmoved by his anger as she had been by his entreaties.

“He gave me a dog whip, heavy enough to kill a bulldog, and ordered me to go and beat her — me who would have given my life to bring her lost laughter back to her lips. Things are mixed up in the human heart; for in a way I was glad also that it was to me he gave the whip. Had he put it into the hands of another eunuch, I believe I should have torn him to pieces.

“I went to her room, the Sultan remaining outside. Lionel Effendi, what would you have done if you had been commanded to beat a frail girl whom you had seen grow up, whom you had carried on your shoulders, and whom you loved like your own daughter?”

The knuckles of the Englishman’s hands, clutching the arms of his chair, showed white.

“I should kill the man instead,” he answered steadily.

“And if the man were your emperor, and your master — what then?”

Lionel sprang from his chair, and paced the

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length of the room. He stopped before the eunuch, and said hoarsely:—

“Lala Sheddin, don’t tell me that you beat her.”

“I ought not to have told you all this: it was not kind,” the eunuch replied. “Why should I harrow your feelings for a woman who is nothing to you?”

“You cannot stop now. Tell me what you did.”

“I went to her room, and, as I said, *he* sat outside. He could not see us, but he could hear us. By a sign I made her understand this, and then I said to her: ‘Kizatesh Sultana, my master and your husband sends you his love, and asks in return the love a dutiful wife owes to her lord. If you persist in refusing, I shall have to beat you with this whip.’

“She rose. ‘Go tell your master that, although I bore him a son, I have no love for him. I was a child—he made me a woman; but that woman can never be his, as was the child. And since I can have no love for your master—do his bidding.’

“She was like a delicate flower, defying the

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wind and the storm. He, from outside, cried, 'Beat her! Let me hear her cry!'

"I have known many dark days since I was born. That one was the darkest. Her eyes, like two stars, watched me, while he from outside cried again, 'Beat her! Beat her!' I raised the whip and struck her slight shoulders. She was barely seventeen then, yet I knew that I could have killed her by beating her, and no cry would have crossed her lips. After the first stroke, I turned the whip on my own legs, and struck and struck and struck them, making low moans, pretending that it was she who cried.

"All the time I watched for the slightest movement of the portières. Thus, when he came into the room I held the whip over her. He strode to where she stood, her face so lifeless and white that one would have thought it was, indeed, she who had received the beating. He took her chin in his hand. 'Dost thou like this better than love?' he inquired. She did not reply. 'This will bring thee to thy senses. This will teach thee to love thy master.'

"'This will teach me to hate my master.'

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She said it distinctly and fearlessly. Never in his life had another spoken to the Sultan as she dared to. He could not pretend he had not heard.

“‘How many times must I have thee beaten?’ he asked.

“‘As many as it will take to kill me.’

“And I, looking at her white face and at her large, dark eyes, more than ever like stars, wondered what made him want her. She was not made for such as he. The beating brought no results. He must have lain awake at night, thinking up ways of tormenting her, but nothing availed, and she kept her sweet self to herself. Separating her from her child — the first day you came to the palace — was a master-stroke. I feared he had at last found the right weapon; I feared she would succumb. I had not counted on Bayazet himself. You saw how it ended; and now she will have some years of peace.”

Lionel raised his head and inhaled a long breath. He touched his forehead with the back of his hand and found it wet with perspiration.

“How did you manage it, Lala Sheddin?”





"THIS WILL TEACH ME TO HATE MY MASTER"

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His voice was weak from what he had suffered while listening to the story of the eunuch.

"Magic!" Lala Sheddin replied laconically. "It is of great value to me that the Sultan's life is sacred, and must be preserved even at the cost of permitting others to escape their just punishment. But time flies. In a few years he will again be free to trouble her — and he has not forgotten her, as I hoped that he would. Daily I have to report to him all that she does. I have noticed his face at times when he sat playing with his beads,— I can usually tell when he is thinking of her,— and the diabolical expression makes me shiver for her. To wait for a woman nine years is a long time for a man like him.

"Although I worry, she does not. She has a childlike trust in her heart, and she sits up there quite contented, with her son on her lap, learning from his childish lips the language of your people. She believes implicitly in the great Allah, who is going to help her to realize her dreams — for she has dreams, impossible dreams, Lionel Effendi, that girl up there in her little corner of the palace. They would stagger

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the stanchest of brave men, yet she expects, as I said before, with the help of the great Allah, to carry them through." Rather to himself than to the Englishman, Lala Sheddin continued: "I don't know — perhaps there is a great Allah. I never used to believe there was, but of late — I don't know — I begin to think, from certain things, that perhaps there is such a force, and that perhaps the faith of that young mother may be nearer the truth than my own thoughts. The other day she said to me: 'You may laugh if you like, Lala Sheddin, but I believe those clouds we see up there in the heavens are people's dreams traveling toward Allah.' 'Foolish,' I answered, 'have you not seen how clouds break up and nothing is left of them?' 'Some do,' was her reply. 'Those are selfish dreams which people make for themselves. But I have watched the heavens too long, and though I have seen clouds disperse, I have also seen others turn from dark to lighter and lighter hues — to pink and gold — and slowly rise till they are lost to sight. I know that these are the dreams which *do* reach the great Allah. My dreams used to be black —

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full of sadness and despair; but now there is light in them. Some day will come rosy hues, and they will turn to gold, and will ascend straight to the great throne.'

"I let her dream, Lionel Effendi. It would be wicked to take the dreams from a girl's heart. It is all she has, and as I said before her faith is so great that I sometimes wonder if it can be quite wrong. At any rate, in my old age she is teaching me to believe in the great Allah — me, who, if I ever thought of him at all, thought of him only to curse him."

CHAPTER X

ON BOARD THE SHIMSHEK

THREE years had passed since Lionel Deguerney, as Burton Adams, became tutor to the Ottoman imperial princes. Manlove Pasha, on his way to take luncheon with him, wondered how Lionel could see the time slip by with such apparent contentment. As a stop-gap for a desperately poor man it had been all very well; but since then he had had several chances for something better. There must be more to the situation than met the eye. To-day he was going to apply a test.

During luncheon the two men talked of casual things, of England, and of the English who drifted out to the East. They knew that the men serving them did not understand English, yet in Turkey the habit of mistrust becomes so ingrained that it is impossible to throw it off. With the coffee they were left alone, and when they had lighted their cigars Manlove said:—

“My sister has just died, Lionel.”

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"I am very sorry to hear it."

"She was old and an invalid, and had been awaiting her call for years." Manlove did not try to pretend any great grief for the sister, nearly twenty years older than himself, whom he had not seen for many years. "It is n't her death that is sad. It is the silence and the emptiness of the manor."

"Shall you return to England? Of course, I should miss you awfully, but —"

"No, I've lived too long out here. I'm fond of this dirty, beautiful Constantinople. It gets into your blood after a while. I could n't live anywhere else if I tried."

There followed a silence, while Manlove was shaping the words of a proposition he was going to make to the younger man.

"Lionel, the East is sort of a disease. I don't want *you* to catch it. I want you to get out of here. You've shown your mettle. When we first met I told you that I knew your breed. There was no doubt of you in my mind then: had there been, I should feel satisfied now. I may as well tell you," he said abruptly, "that I intend to make you my heir. I've no near

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relatives, and there's no entail on the old place, so I can do as I like."

The news came so suddenly that Lionel could hardly take it in. "That's awf'ly good of you," he stammered, tongue-tied as most Englishmen are when they try to express deep gratitude.

"Not a bit of it," Manlove went on briskly. "I'm doing it for my own pleasure. But here is the point I am coming to: the manor needs a young mistress and a young master, and the echo of children's laughter. I want you to go home, and, when you find a nice girl you like, marry her. There's plenty of money for both of us: not the slightest reason why you should wait till after I'm dead to begin enjoying it. Besides, I want to feel that I have a family, and that it is growing up; and it would be pleasant to think I could run up to England any time and find my room all ready for me. Now, what do you say?"

"It — it's awfully good of you," Lionel repeated.

"Then you will go?"

Lionel could feel the blood mounting to his forehead. He cleared his throat twice. Man-

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love, pretending to be examining his cigar, watched him keenly.

"I—I can't go just now," at length Lionel blurted out. "I'm—Lala Sheddin—that is to say, I have to stay on here for a while, you know. Lala Sheddin has treated me uncommonly decently, and I know he counts on my staying."

"H'm! Yes, he does seem to appreciate your work," Manlove replied, assenting. "I suppose it is difficult to get just the right man for a place like this."

Lionel was too much relieved at escaping from the subject of returning to England to pay much attention to the other's unnaturally easy acquiescence. Manlove let the matter drop, as if it were of small consequence. Although he had obtained for Lionel his present position, and had just announced his intention of conferring great benefits upon him, he did not feel justified in forcing a confidence manifestly withheld from him. Yet the uneasiness about Lionel, which had been accumulating in his mind, became still more acute. Why should the boy be so averse to leaving the palace?

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That the reason was pure devotion to pedagogy never once entered Manlove's mind. What other cause — barring necessity — would keep a man like Lionel in such a situation? The ages have given the answer — a woman!

The thought sent the gooseflesh creeping up the admiral's spine. A woman — in the palace of the Sultan! To such a situation there could come only one end: the death — it might be through torture — of this young man whom he had come to regard as a son. Manlove had gone far in the world, quite as much by paying no attention to what was no concern of his as by strict attention to what did concern him. Now he laid aside his principles without a qualm. By interference he might not only gain no thanks from Lionel himself, but he might make a bitter enemy of some woman — some sultana even — who would find a subtle means of revenging herself upon him.

Of all this tumult in his mind he gave no sign. He smoked on as placidly, chatted as indifferently, as if he were interested in nothing beyond the brand of cigar he was smoking. When he rose to go, he asked casually:—

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"When are you coming to see me again?"

"I can't tell. You know Lala Sheddin does n't approve of my asking for a leave of absence often."

"It's three months since you last took a trip with me on the yacht. That is n't very often. I'll speak to him about it and see if he has any objection to your coming the end of next week."

"That would be jolly. And — er — you know how grateful I am for all you are doing for me."

"Oh, that's nothing." Manlove waved away the subject. "It gives me as much pleasure as it does you. Well, good-bye."

According to instructions he had received, Lionel never accompanied his friend. As Manlove was walking away from the pavilion, he was joined by Lala Sheddin.

"How do you find your young friend?" the eunuch asked.

"He seems well and happy. I think that an occasional change would be good for him, though."

"Did he speak about it?" Lala Sheddin asked, with a note of anxiety in his voice.

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"He said nothing about it to me, but I am sure it would be good for him. This restricted life is quite a change from what he has always been used to."

The head eunuch considered the matter thoughtfully. "Perhaps it would," he muttered. "Perhaps it would even be wiser if from time to time he went away for a few days. Yes, you are right."

"I suggested a day on my yacht, next week, to him, and he seemed pleased with the idea. Would that suit your plans?"

"He shall come. But don't forget that it would be well if your friend and the imperial tutor should not be associated in the minds of others as the same person."

Manlove nodded assent, and took his leave.

These same instructions Lala Sheddin impressed again upon Lionel, when he gave him leave of absence at the end of the following week.

Manlove received his guest with more than his accustomed cordiality, on welcoming him aboard his yacht.

"Sorry we can't start out at once. Some-

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thing has gone wrong with the engines," he explained. "It is n't often I'm caught like this. I suppose it has to happen now and then to remind me that the Shimshek sails under the Turkish flag."

The delay did not trouble Lionel at all. He did not even mind when, an hour later, the engineer came up to report that the engine would not be in order in time to steam through the Dardanelles before sunset, when all movement of ships had to end.

"We'll have to spend the night at anchor here, instead of in cruising among the islands," Manlove said regretfully. "But we'll make an early start, and be ready to pass through the straits just as soon as the sunrise opens up navigation."

"Don't bother on my account," Lionel responded. "I'm quite happy here. You can't imagine what a lark it is to me just to be outside the walls enclosing the palace grounds."

"Why don't you come out for good? You're wasting yourself in there, my boy."

Again Manlove noticed the constraint that came over Lionel at mention of this topic; but

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he did not pursue the subject further, much to the relief of the younger man.

The yacht was rather a luxurious little craft. It had four staterooms and mounted two quick-firers. On occasion it performed the duties of a revenue cutter, and it was in quite the most ship-shape condition of any of the Sultan's ships.

A lovely cloudless evening followed the long, warm afternoon. They had dinner on deck, with McVey, the captain of the yacht, a tall, taciturn Scotchman, who took no part in the conversation, and left them as soon as the meal was over. With the eagerness of a boy Lionel watched all the characteristic sights about him; the slim *caïques*, with their picturesque Turkish boatmen; the heavier barges, manned by descendants of the Crusaders, who, in spite of the centuries that have passed, still speak their native Genovese. Constantinople, which daily sees the tribes of all the earth, assuredly is not the melting-pot: in it every nationality clings to its own language and customs with time-defying tenacity.

With delicious Turkish coffee and good cigars,

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the night sank upon them. The seven hills of Constantinople were but ill-lighted, while old Stamboul across the way showed a solid dark mass, with ghostly minarets rising above it. The light in the Tower of Galata alone burned brightly.

While not reverting to the plan he had proposed at their last interview, Manlove led the talk back to old England, to "home," its quiet, satisfactory pleasures, and its endearing landscape: he almost talked himself into a wish to return to England; but through it all Lionel gave no sign that he was similarly moved. There was always the assumption, of course, that some time, in the future, he would return; but it was that future whose confines do not overlap the edges of the present. If Manlove hoped to melt the young man's heart with homesickness, he failed signally.

They sat up very late. Once or twice Lionel asked if he were not keeping his host up too long.

"No, don't let's go to bed yet. Such nights are not to be wasted in sleeping. Besides, we can snooze as late as we like in the morning. I

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always break my early rising rules on these little cruises. Sometimes I don't even get up for luncheon."

It was three o'clock before they went to bed, and the chill of the night air made Lionel glad to dive under the bedclothes. He slept like a top. Once he became dimly conscious that the engines were throbbing, and knew that the yacht was under way. A long time afterwards, it seemed to him, he half-wakened. His cabin was still dark, and he turned over and again plunged into delicious slumber.

When finally no more sleep remained in him, he was surprised to find his cabin still dark. He peered forth from his berth and discovered that a heavy covering of some kind was hanging down outside his porthole, keeping out the light. "Very thoughtful of Manlove," he ruminated, and felt under his pillow for his watch. "Whew!" It was past eleven. He sprang out of bed and dressed hastily.

Out in the saloon the cabin boy was industriously cleaning, and gave him a cheery greeting.

"The admiral up yet?" Lionel asked.

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"No, sir, I have n't seen him," the boy replied. "I have orders, sir, not to waken him. I will bring you your breakfast, sir, directly."

Lionel ate his breakfast with an excellent appetite and went on deck. The yacht was steaming steadily toward the west, and he wondered whither they were bound. He sauntered forward to McVey, to make some inquiries. The replies of the Scotchman were so short and non-committal that they bordered on rudeness, and Lionel decided to bother him no more.

Luncheon was eaten by the two in determined British silence. Then Lionel stretched himself out in a steamer chair, to doze the time away until Manlove should appear. The hours passed pleasantly enough, if monotonously, until the striking of seven bells warned Lionel that it was half-past three, with no sign either of Manlove's appearance or of turning back. He became uneasy now on his own account. He had understood that the yacht was to return to-night to Constantinople. While no navigator, it seemed certain to him that they had barely time to return to the Dardanelles before sunset;

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and it was a good long stretch from there to Constantinople.

Since McVey was so unapproachable he decided to go down and rout out Manlove himself.

He rapped on the door.

There came no response.

After knocking three times, he tried the handle. It turned, and Lionel entered.

Manlove was not in the stateroom, nor was there any sign of its having been occupied. For twenty seconds Lionel stood dumbfounded; then he made his way swiftly to Captain McVey.

As the latter perceived the young Englishman's impetuous approach, the ghost of a smile flickered over his face.

"Where is Manlove Pasha?" Lionel demanded sternly. "And where is this yacht bound?"

"We've cleared for Piræus, the port of Athens," McVey replied coolly. "As for the admiral's whereabouts, I canna tell ye that; but he bade me gie ye this, when a suitable time should arrive."

He took a sealed letter from his breast pocket, and handed it to Lionel.

CHAPTER XI

THE PACT

WHEN on the fourth day Lionel failed to return to the palace, and Lala Sheddin's message to Manlove Pasha only elicited the reply that his excellency was detained at home by illness, Lala Sheddin decided to begin an investigation. He easily appeased the languid curiosity of the princes about the cause of their tutor's absence. Bayazet alone wrathfully refused to accept any excuse, and to him the eunuch promised to go and bring back "his man." Then he ordered a carriage, and for the first time in his life left the precincts of the palace.

Manlove Pasha knew the habits of Lala Sheddin. He was correspondingly astonished to find himself, in his own sitting-room, face to face with the eunuch.

"Hullo, Lala Sheddin! What chance brings you here?" His tone was a trifle too bluff and hearty.

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"You did not expect me?" Lala Sheddin asked suavely.

"Expect you! Why should I?"

"To inquire after your health. You are not often ill."

"Oh, I'm quite fit again. I was just knocked up for a day," Manlove said airily.

Lala Sheddin, unbidden, settled himself comfortably in a big armchair, and pointed to another chair near his.

"Sit down, Manlove Pasha, and tell me where Lionel Effendi is."

"Lionel Effendi! Did n't he return to the palace, after our little cruise?" The Englishman's surprise was an admirable imitation.

The eunuch gave the other man a slow, contemplative look. "You played the wrong card, my friend, in the beginning. Had you come to the palace when I sent for you, you might have pretended with a certain amount of success that you did not know where Lionel Effendi was. Now I have come here to find out where he is — and you are to tell me."

Manlove Pasha had not much confidence in the possibility of hoodwinking Lala Shed-

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din, yet he continued "to play the wrong card."

"Why do you think that I know where Lionel Effendi is?"

"Because you do."

"As a matter of fact, I don't."

Lala Sheddin pondered this a few seconds. "From your calculations, then, where do you think that he ought to be?"

"I don't know."

Lala Sheddin became lost in thought. When he spoke again it was with a slow earnestness that impressed the Englishman with his entire sincerity.

"There is no man living who loves Lionel Effendi better than I. Perhaps you, Manlove Pasha, know how it feels to be the father of a son. I have dreamed of mine: when that boy came to the palace, the son of my imagination became alive in him." After a pause, the eunuch went on: "You see, you need not be afraid. Tell me, why did you take him away?"

"Lala Sheddin, I will not fence with you any more. I was frightened. It did not seem to me natural that a young man of his breeding should

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be willing to pass his life as a tutor when other openings were offered him. I know you pay him well, but several months ago I offered him a position which could not help being far more attractive to a young man than the one he now holds. He refused it. The other day I told him that my sister was dead, and that I meant him to be my sole heir. I wanted him to return to England, marry, and live as a man of his class should live. Not only did he refuse to do this, but he told me that he must stay on here for an indefinite period. Well, what I had suspected became a certainty in my mind, after that. I knew that there must be some woman in his life — and that woman was in the harem of the Sultan. You know as well as I the dangers of such an intrigue. A minute ago you spoke of the love you had for Lionel. If that is so, you ought to be glad that I am trying to save him in spite of himself.”

“My friend, you have made a mistake,” Lala Sheddin said, slowly and impressively. “You have judged the boy by the standard of ordinary men. He is not remaining in the palace moved by the desires of an ordinary man. No!

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No! You have made a mistake. You said, just now, that you were trying to save him in spite of himself. Then you did not talk this over with Lionel Effendi? He did not agree to leave?"

"No; but I am in hopes that by this time he will have come to his senses and will do as I have begged him to do."

"At what time and by what means did he leave Constantinople?"

"He left by water, the night he dined with me."

"Where was he to be landed?"

"At Piræus."

"If he does as you wish him to do, he will return to England from there?"

"Yes."

"If he does not — then he comes back here? And if he comes back, will you again try to take him away when I tell you there is no intrigue?"

"Lala Sheddin," Manlove Pasha said earnestly, "will you tell me what keeps Lionel in the palace?"

The eunuch did not reply at once, and into his lined face crept the light of a rare expression, which only a few persons had ever seen. What

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was human and kind and divine became alive in him. The Englishman marveled at what he saw.

"There are things in life," said the eunuch slowly, "which are so elusive that they cannot be put into words. That which keeps Lionel Effendi in the palace is such a thing. Ordinary men could not understand it: if it were put into words to them, they would only laugh it to scorn. Other men might give their lives for it; for it is a dream — a dream which makes life infinitely more worth while than the possession of a woman of the greatest beauty. Don't take from the boy that which makes his life what it is. There is work in the palace — work to be done only by such as he. If there should ever be danger for him, I swear that I will send for you. But now, let him come back to me. I am a lonely old man. That boy brought into a bare life all the riches of the world. I need him."

These two men had both been young when first they had met. Lala Sheddin then had been the trusted servant of the late sovereign. Manlove Pasha had seen the star of many a man rise in glory and set in gloom. Lala Sheddin

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had been the only one on whose horizon there had been neither glorious rising nor any setting. The Englishman admired him for his astuteness, for his brain, and above all for the way he handled his power. As the possessor of heart and feeling, such as he was exhibiting at this moment, he was a man new to the Englishman.

“Very well, Lala Sheddin, let us wait and see what comes of my experiment. If Lionel returns to England, of course that ends the matter. If he comes back here, I promise not to interfere again.”

“He will come back, and I will keep my word to you. If ever I send you a red handkerchief, come to the palace, for you will be needed.” Lala Sheddin rose, and started to leave the room. At the door he hesitated; then turned: “Are we quite safe from eavesdropping in this room?”

“I believe so. But if what you have to say demands greater secrecy, we can go into my own room.” Manlove locked the door of the room they were in, then conducted the eunuch to his sleeping-chamber. “We are now quite safe, as you see. These windows give on the

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garden. On this side is my dressing-room, and there is my study."

The eunuch went into both rooms and inspected them carefully. He came back and took his seat close to the Englishman.

"How did you send Lionel to Greece? In your own yacht?"

"Yes."

The eunuch meditated a minute. "It's not very large, is it — just an ordinary pleasure craft?"

"Yes; but it can go from here to Gibraltar, to the Azores — to England, if necessary."

"H'm!" Again the eunuch became lost in thought for a considerable time. He had faith in Manlove Pasha's character. During Sultan Medjid's peaceful reign and the intriguing one of his present master, he had learned, of all the foreigners in Constantinople, to trust the English most. He pondered long; then raised his eyes and looked straight into Manlove's.

"You must love Lionel Effendi very much, indeed, to make him your heir, and then to dare play with his personal liberty. Lionel Effendi, in spite of his quiet ways, does not

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strike me as a man with whom it is wise to trifle. The roughing he did for a few years must have added to his capacity for taking care of himself."

Though Lala Sheddin stopped speaking, the Englishman said nothing. He waited for the man from the palace to continue. On his side, Lala Sheddin's eyes never left the face of Manlove.

"Supposing, Manlove Pasha, that an occasion should arise in which Lionel Effendi were obliged to leave the palace hastily; and supposing he were to leave it, let us say, with a man of my size. Would it be possible for two such men to hide on your yacht, and to pass through the Dardanelles, even if the authorities were to make a thorough search of the vessel?"

"It would not."

"It would not be possible now, as the yacht stands; but could it not be made possible? Could not, for example, a compartment be built, with double walls, and such a door that only the ones who know of it could find?"

It was Manlove's turn to scrutinize the countenance of Lala Sheddin. "Since you wish to

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utilize my yacht, don't you think it would be wiser if you took me into your confidence?"

"If the occasion should ever arise, I would take you into my confidence. But will you not have such a compartment built — before I take you into my confidence?"

"A minute ago you told me that Lionel was not in danger. You even swore, I believe, that there was no intrigue going on — and now you intimate that both these things exist. Lala Sheddin, I have given you my promise not to interfere with Lionel, if he should return. I gave you that promise because you deceived me. Now I take it back. Something is afoot in which Lionel is involved. I have been here forty years. It is a country that loves plots, and I have never yet known a plot — whether it succeeded or not — that was not drenched in the best blood. I shall not become a party to anything that I do not understand; and what is more I mean to interfere with Lionel, even if I go to the length of asking the Sultan to dismiss him."

Lala Sheddin smiled. "You are not a wise man, my friend, to tell me this. Supposing I were to believe you, do you think you would

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have an opportunity of seeing my master again?"

The Englishman winced. In the forty years that he had known Lala Sheddin, this was the second time the head eunuch had shown his strength. He remembered what had happened the first time. A Teuton, whose influence with the Sublime Porte had begun to spread its shadow over the rest of the diplomats, had crossed Lala Sheddin's path. He left Constantinople: his trunks followed later.

While Manlove Pasha was thinking over these things, the eunuch was watching him intently.

"Between us stands a young man whom we both love. Do you think it wise for us to become enemies and to try to crush each other? No matter which one of us falls, Lionel Effendi will be the loser. He will have to go on with his task without one of us — and he needs us both. You and I must stand together for his sake. Lionel Effendi will return to the palace as soon as he can make his way here from Athens. The occasion I mentioned may never arise. However much we scheme, plan, and prepare, there

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is a hand which seems to guide our destinies, and that hand may move us away from our schemes, plans, and preparations. Yet I believe it wise to prepare according to our present lights. All I ask of you now is to build a place in your yacht where two men could hide and escape the most rigid search the authorities might make. Why can you not do that? It does not involve you in any danger, nor does it pledge you to any scheme."

"Confound the man!" thought Manlove. "I wonder if he is planning to leave the palace?" Yet the thought comforted him. So long as there was no woman in the plot it seemed safer.

"How soon do you think you will need that compartment?"

"I may never need it." The eunuch waved his hand. "That is one of the many things which I like to know are ready. It is best that it should be on your yacht. There are spies everywhere, and you have a good reputation."

"H'm! You do not mind playing with my reputation. And shall you expect me to be on the yacht when the two men sail on it?"

"Oh, yes. I count on that."

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The Englishman grunted. "And why do you think I shall lend myself to your schemes, Lala Sheddin?"

"In the first place, because you pushed yourself into them by abducting Lionel Effendi; and secondly, because you are an Englishman. You Englishmen love big risks: it goes with your quiet natures and your orderly habits. You are not good talkers, and the pleasure others find in talking, you take out in doing things. I can see now by your eyes that you are already a party to my schemes. You have not pledged your word, but your soul is pledged, and that is better."

"Confound you, Lala Sheddin, that's all I can say. I shall be a miserable pariah if I have to be exiled from Turkey. It's the most interesting piece on the international chessboard, and it's likely to become more and more interesting. And here you wish me to get mixed up with something that I do not even understand, and lose all the excitement, for somebody else's gain."

Lala Sheddin nodded. "Yes; that's the English of you. You will do it faster for somebody

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else's gain than you would for your own. I have not been studying men for half a century to be mistaken now. I have always liked you. I have felt that beneath the capable official you were — what women would call romantic." The eunuch smiled. "As a matter of fact, I never knew an Englishman — a nice one, I mean — who was not romantic. The only difficult thing is to make you admit it. So now you will have that compartment built."

"That is, of course, if Lionel should return."

Lala Sheddin rose. "If Lionel Effendi left Greece, he would be back here when?"

"To-day, I suppose."

"Then I shall find him at the palace."

CHAPTER XII

KIPRULI ALI

As the carriage bore Lala Sheddin back to his formidable post, in a world apart from other worlds, it was characteristic of him that he did not take the trouble even to glimpse this new world into which circumstances had put him for an hour or two: he was a man of single purpose.

The eunuch had declared that Lionel would return, and he believed it. Manlove Pasha had promised that he would not interfere again, and Lala Sheddin trusted his word. Yet in spite of his faith in the two Englishmen, he was troubled. He knew the happenings of life to be complex and inexplicable: in life's tricks he had no faith. "I shall only feel at ease when I see my boy's face," he murmured. "My boy!" He tasted the joy of the words with closed eyes, his hands clasped on his knees.

The broad shoulders of the young Englishman were what he first saw when he stepped

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from his carriage, Lionel's carriage having preceded his by only a few seconds.

"Oh, my boy!" cried the eunuch. "I knew you would come!"

"I was delayed. I am sorry," Lionel answered.

Lala Sheddin shook hands with him warmly. "I know everything. I have just returned from Manlove Pasha's. Go to your pavilion now, and I will join you presently."

A half-hour later they were comfortably settled in Lionel's sitting-room.

"You said that Manlove Pasha had explained the cause of my absence to you?"

"Quite satisfactorily. He got frightened, and dared a great deal, believing he was doing you a service. Now, tell me how you got back."

"There's not much to tell. We went to the Piræus, much against my will — and then we came back. Manlove Pasha had entrusted a letter to Captain McVey for me. As soon as I read it, the second day out, I tried to make him turn around at once. He replied that he had orders to take me to Greece, 'so that I should have time to think it over.' I tried everything

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on him, from bribery to curses. His only answer was that he must obey orders — and he did.”

At this instant the door was flung open and Bayazet burst in, followed by his bodyguard; he threw himself into his tutor’s arms and covered him with tempestuous kisses. Thereafter he drew away, and looked frowningly at the Englishman.

“My man, why did you stay away so long?”

“It was unavoidable, Bayazet.”

“What did you say — ‘un’voi’ble’?”

“Unavoidable,” Lionel repeated.

“Una—unavoivable?”

“No; unavoidable.”

“Unavoidable! I do not like that word. It kept you away from us. We were very anxious up there, and a word which makes *her* anxious is an ugly word. Take it out of the language. I command it.”

“I cannot take it out of the language, Bayazet,” Lionel replied, smiling, “but I shall try not to have to use it again. Now, am I forgiven?”

“I shall forgive you; but you must never stay away again because of ‘unavoidable.’ Why

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should you go away at all, my man? *I* never go away from here."

Lala Sheddin laughed at the imperious airs of the little prince. "Don't you think you had better go back, now? It is getting dark."

Bayazet jumped down from the lap of the Englishman and menacingly approached the eunuch.

"*You* go back, at once!" he ordered. "I decide to stay here and eat with my man. You go back and take my bodyguard with you. Tell the sultana, my mother, that I salute her, and I stay with my man to eat, since the desire takes me."

Lala Sheddin rose. "Very well, I go; but I shall come back for you soon after the meal."

The boy stamped his foot and shook his head, his long, dark curls dangling over his shoulders. "Are you ordering me? I shall go when I choose, and you go at once, without more words."

Lala Sheddin glanced at the tutor, smiling, salaamed very low, and departed. When the door closed behind him, Bayazet burst out laughing, and clapped his little hands with pleasure.

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"Did n't I make him obey well?" He came and perched himself upon the Englishman's knees, put one arm around his neck, and clasped a big hand with one of his small ones. "Now we are alone together. I did not know I loved you so much till you did not come back. The days were long and sad without you, and besides, the sultana, my mother, was made unhappy. You must not make her unhappy again, my man. She was not herself while you were away, and we both prayed to the great Allah to bring you back. I am not going to let you go again — and you are not to go unless I give you leave."

Lionel gave the child a hug. He wanted to ask him more about his mother, but did not dare. He only said: "I am unhappy when I am away from here, too."

"Then, why did you stay so long?"

"I told you before that it was unavoidable."

"Write the word. I shall show it to my mother, that she, too, may know the reason."

Lionel put down the child and went over to his desk. On a sheet of notepaper he wrote: "My absence was unavoidable. I am sorry if it

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caused you pain." He was deeply moved at the thought that with her own eyes she was to read his written words. He was so moved that he did not stop to consider whether this was a wise thing to do.

Bayazet took the missive and read it slowly; then folded it and carefully put it into his little pocket.

"I am glad you are sorry, and that you say it to her. My man is *her* man, too, if I let him — and I am going to let you." With a quick movement he sprang upon the tutor's knees. "Now that you are back, she, and you, and I — all three are happy."

The Englishman gave the child another squeeze. "Bayazet, I can never be happy away from here," he said. In this privacy he dared be a little sentimental.

There was deep joy in the large eyes of the boy. "I shall tell her that," he said, nodding his head. "She often asks me if you are happy here, or if you want to go back to your own country."

"Tell her that I shall not leave here, so long as she wishes me to stay."

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"My man, you said those words as if you were praying to Allah."

"Did I?" And the Englishman relaxed.

They had supper together. Bayazet, in his emulation of the simplicity of English life, ate only bread and butter and milk. Lionel shared the same fare, to the huge delight of the boy. It was a gay meal, for all its meagerness, and Lala Sheddin and the bodyguard arrived all too soon. Bayazet frowned portentously at their arrival.

"The sultana, your mother, sends me," said Lala Sheddin smoothly. "She is worrying, and you had better go to her."

The boy rose at once. He salaamed to his tutor, and the two men returned the salutation. The bodyguard lifted the little prince in his arms, and by the way the tall, stalwart Albanian held the child one could see that his little charge was very dear to him. After they were gone, Lala Sheddin came over and put his hand on the Englishman's shoulder.

"I wonder if you know how glad I am to have you back again." Without waiting for an answer he went on: "Manlove Pasha is here. He wishes to see you."

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"May I see him?"

"Yes, you had better."

The eunuch went away and presently returned with Manlove Pasha. "You may spend the night here," he said. "The man of Lionel Effendi will arrange a bed for you. Now I will bid you good-night."

As soon as they were alone, the older Englishman came to the point, without beating about the bush.

"There is no use my asking you to excuse the liberty I took with you, Lionel. I had to. I was frightened."

"There is no need of your saying anything about it. On the contrary, I appreciate and thank you for the interest that you take in me. And I hope you don't really mind my coming back."

"N—no. You know that I have seen Lala Sheddin. He assures me that my fears are groundless, and that there is no danger such as I had imagined. Yet there is something out of the ordinary on his mind: he is preparing for a possible emergency. Were you aware of that?"

"In a vague way."

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"You have no idea for what contingency he is planning?"

Lionel shook his head.

"Yet when that emergency arises, he means to call on you."

"I'm glad he does."

"Do you know that there is danger in his plan — that he expects the Porte to interfere? He asked me to have a secret compartment built on my yacht, in which two men could elude the most rigid search of the Government."

Two pairs of steel-gray eyes met. The two Britons were trying to fathom each other's souls. They had the air of a pair of hunters, resolute and formidable. They were two good specimens of Albion's best — that best which cannot be beaten anywhere in the world.

"Are you going to have that compartment made?" Lionel asked quietly.

"Y-e-s. But what I want to know is this: Are you going tacitly to become a part of Lala Sheddin's scheme, without knowing anything about it?"

"What did Lala Sheddin tell *you* about it?"

"Nothing, beyond the fact that he would

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like to know that such a compartment existed on my yacht."

"Yet you are going to have it made?"

"Yes," the older man grumbled.

"You lend yourself to Lala Sheddin's schemes without knowing more than I do. Then you expect less of me than you are ready to give yourself?"

"By having such a compartment made I am not risking my life — while you may be asked to risk yours."

"I don't mind."

"But do you expect your friends not to mind?"

"To risk one's life is honorable. To risk one's honor is dishonorable. Yet we always make a great fuss over the first, while we let those we care for go to the gutter without raising a finger to help them."

"You are right, Lionel. I ought to have come to you years ago, and not have waited for Fate to bring you here."

"I beg your pardon! I was not thinking of you and me; I was just thinking generally. I'm exceedingly happy here. In a vague way I know

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that some day my services may be needed for something I do not yet understand, but which I feel it will be worth risking my life for."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because Lala Sheddin is a rare man. I cannot imagine his letting me in for anything unworthy. It makes me feel proud to be trusted by him. In a way my self-respect is increased just because he has chosen me to help him."

"H'm!" The monosyllable ended the discussion.

Manlove Pasha spent the night at the pavilion, and he went away the next morning by boat, without going up to the palace. This the eunuch had suggested, and he met Manlove on his way to the landing. He slipped a package into the Englishman's pocket. "There are ten thousand pounds in this package. Please put them in Lionel Effendi's name. Now that you are with us, I can give you directly any sums that I can spare, and you can have them placed in his name."

"You seem to be paying my young friend a pretty handsome salary," Manlove observed.

The eunuch shrugged his shoulders. "There

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are many people in the palace who are getting salaries they do not at all deserve. I take a little from each of them and give it to Lionel Effendi, who *is* worth all and more than he gets."

When he disembarked at Galata, the English pasha made his way toward the European city, through the Turkish quarters so little known to casual tourists. In one of the narrow streets he met three carriers, walking abreast. The middle one had a grand piano on the little saddle on his back. The other two were there to be ready in case of emergency, and to see that no one jostled him and threw him off his balance. It was not an unusual sight, but one which always excited the admiration of the Englishman. He looked at the big bent man, walking rhythmically along, balancing the great burden so beautifully on his tremendous shoulders as to render the services of the other two unnecessary.

Directly in the way of the great carrier a sparrow was picking up crumbs in the street. The man made a slight *détour* to avoid disturbing the sparrow. The Englishman was so touched

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by the thoughtful little act that he bent to see the man's face. Half-hidden though it was, it somehow seemed familiar, though he could not remember where he had seen it before.

From his bent position the carrier glanced up, and then called cheerily from under his burden: "Good-morning, your excellency. How is his young excellency, your friend? Tell him that he took care of my wound so well that it healed more quickly than I ever knew a wound to heal."

At the words Manlove Pasha remembered that this was the carrier whom Lionel had attended on the first day of his arrival in Turkey.

"My young friend is very well, and he still remembers you," the Englishman replied. An inspiration came to him. He turned, and walked beside the carrier. "Do you know," he went on, "I never tasted such coffee as you gave us that day. You fellows have the best of everything. If you should ever invite me to partake of your luncheon again, you would not have to ask me twice."

"You are invited now, to-day, by me, Kipruli Ali, who is pleased to call you his friend."

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"I am proud to be called a friend by Kipruli Ali, and I shall be there at noon." He touched his fez with his fingers, and turned into a side street, and then up another, and gradually mounted the hill leading to the European quarters.

The midday hour found Manlove Pasha at the tiny coffee-house where the carriers were assembling for their meal. Kipruli Ali received his distinguished guest hospitably, but not vaingloriously. At heart the Turks are the only really democratic nation in the world. They value a friendship more because of the man than because of the position the man occupies. That is why one can often see a great pasha sitting with a fisherman and partaking of the latter's hospitality, without condescension on the pasha's part, without pride or humility on the fisherman's part.

The only difference the carrier had made in his meal to-day was that he had a big stool, covered with a clean red handkerchief, which served as a table. The food was exactly what he would have eaten had he been alone. There is an innate nobility in the Turk which makes

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him simple. The admiral and the carrier ate and conversed together as if they had been of the same social stratum, and for that reason both had a very good time. When the meal was over Manlove Pasha presented the carrier with a gaudy waistcoat, to procure which had caused him two hours' labor that morning; for he had had to go to a special shop in a special quarter where the carriers buy their clothes.

Kipruli Ali was ravished with the sight of the waistcoat. "Is this for me?" he asked.

Manlove Pasha nodded. "My young friend sends it to you."

From this they fell to talking more about Lionel. "Is he quite well and prosperous?" the carrier asked.

"Quite well, quite prosperous, but a lover of risks. Some day he may need a strong friend."

Kipruli Ali's face lighted with pleasure. He tapped his chest with his fist. "Is this strong enough?" he asked.

"It may be a dangerous risk," Manlove Pasha said, assuming a mysterious air.

The carrier winked. "A lady?" he inquired. "Perhaps."

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The carrier tapped his breast with his fist, clapped his hands together, touched his head and his legs, and closed his eyes.

"All his — with eyes shut," he said.

Manlove Pasha laughed. "You are a man, Kipruli Ali, and I would rather trust you than six others. I shall tell my friend exactly what you have said."

"Tell him that in my heart and my head I am his, any year, any day, any hour — lunch time not excepted."

Manlove Pasha nodded, well pleased. He did not know exactly how it might be possible to utilize the strong arms of Kipruli Ali, but he felt that such an ally, sent by Providence itself, should not be disdained. When he rose to bid his host good-bye, he said casually: "Come and break bread with me some time."

The carrier was delighted.

"Come next week, a week from Wednesday. Meet me by the Galata Bridge. I will take you out to my boat, and we can have our food there."

They salaamed and parted.

At the appointed place they met, a week later. Kipruli Ali, having never before been on

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a yacht, exhibited a childlike delight in all its contrivances. Manlove took him all over it, enjoying the big man's pleasure. They ate and smoked by the starlight, unhampered by other people, and while the yacht steamed up the Bosphorus, they talked of Lionel again.

"Where is the young effendi now," Kipruli Ali asked, "and when is he going to be in a scrape?" He winked at the Englishman. His eyes were big and bright, and by the starlight he looked very strong and handsome, indeed. "Scrapes," he said, inhaling a deep breath, as if he could smell them, — "scrapes and fights — they are the joy of life. And when they are about a woman — well, they are a joy in the blossom. I should like to be in a fight by the side of the young effendi." He half-closed his eyes with a mysterious air. "The young effendi is made to turn the heads of all women. I should say they would come willingly to him. Why should he need help?"

"The lady might be guarded."

The Turk clapped his hands and laughed gleefully. "But I should love to be in a scrape with the young effendi," he repeated.

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"Suppose, then, that you and I do not lose sight of each other; and if we ever need you, we shall know where to find you."

Kipruli Ali's shoulders looked about a yard and a half broad, as he squared them. "You know where to find me," he said.

Manlove Pasha contemplated the sturdy form of his guest with grim satisfaction. "Lala Sheddin is not the only one," he thought, "who likes to know that certain things are in readiness—which may never be used. If the guiding hand beckons to me, it shall not find me unprepared."

A few days later Manlove asked for a short leave of absence, and steamed off in his yacht to Italy. He commanded her himself, giving McVey a vacation. At Brindisi he gave all his crew a week's leave of absence on shore. Then he went to see a noted cabinet-maker of the town.

When the crew returned to the yacht they noticed a smell of fresh paint; but they observed no other difference about her.

CHAPTER XIII

“WHO AM I? OH, I’M ONLY —”

It was Friday, which is the Turkish Sunday, and Lionel was free from school duties. He awoke early, and wished he had slept longer. Of late he had come to dread the weekly recurrence of these days of inaction. On every other day he was so busy that he had no time for thoughts; on Fridays his thoughts sometimes could not be controlled.

It was a warm spring day. A jasmine vine had clambered luxuriantly over one corner of the railing of his upper porch, pushing aside a pale-pink climbing rose. The starlike flowers added their subtle perfume to the heavier one of the rose. The sweet scents seemed to increase the restlessness of the young Englishman. A mood of discontent held him in its grip this morning, a discontent subtle yet strong, like the scent of the jasmine. He felt homesick — yet he did not wish to return to England. Rather the thought of doing that opened up

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a dreary vista before his mind's eye. He felt lonely, and longed for something he had not — for something that would rest his body and soul. Before his servant called him to breakfast he went out on the porch outside his sleeping-room, which was walled in on one side by the thick, interlacing branches of the mass of trees between him and the haremlik of the palace. For one mad moment he laid his hand on a branch, and thought of climbing into the trees, and making his way from one to another until he should come to that latticed building which men dared not approach. Then he gave a short laugh, as he regained his sanity. He recalled the other tutor, who ventured twenty-seven steps too near the women's gardens, and whose career had ended abruptly, then. Lionel was as loath as any sane man to risk his life for nothing. Definitely now, however, he knew for what he longed.

The jasmine with *her* starry eyes; the rose with the bloom of her cheeks; the vital spring morning — all had been trying to tell him. And he had not understood — had not understood that every fiber of his being belonged to a wo-

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man beyond this mass of trees, a woman whom he had seen only once, and who legally was the wife of an autocrat whose whim was law. Suddenly, on this spring morning, his love for her flared up from the smouldering brands which long had been growing in strength. He no longer could ignore it; and with it there swept over him a wave of impotence: he felt small, helpless — less than an insect or a worm; for they at least could crawl toward what they wanted. With acute misery he became aware that he craved the girl up there in the palace, whom he could neither see nor speak to. He gripped the railing of the balcony. Does the soul curse in its agony, or does it pray; or does it curse and pray in the same breath? Lionel did not know which he did. He was hungry and thirsty for that woman, little more than a child, with the heart of an eagle and the courage of a lion. Standing rigid, his hands still gripping the railing of the porch, his imagination lashed him into daring deeds. He brushed away the screen of tall trees, broke through the forbidden lattices, and entered her room. And their eyes met and spoke, and the red of her lips was

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reflected in the dark of her eyes, and gave to her face, which he had seen so pale and stern, color and beauty, and to him all the desires of life.

As if the tempest in his heart broke the spell of the perfect day, a dark cloud in the west began climbing up the heavens, like a huge, devouring spider. The threatening heavens called to Lionel. Without waiting to eat, he ordered to be saddled that one of the horses at his disposal of whose temper he was least sure — a dapple gray from the desert. By the time it was brought, another bank of clouds from the east was mounting high into the heavens, until there remained only a narrow strip of blue sky between the threatening masses. Lionel welcomed the oncoming storm. What if the clouds were to burst and deluge him? Revolt against the restraint of his life held him: he craved the pelting rain. So he rode on and on, watching the clouds rapidly becoming thicker and more menacing.

There came a crash, as if one of the battalions of clouds had opened its artillery on the other; and the sky above became the great Armageddon. The storm was wonderful in its terrifying

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noise: terrible in its beauty of darkness and light, and light and darkness.

The dapple gray had been restive at the outset of the ride. He was now galloping along like a leaf before the storm, with the terror which forgets that line and bit were meant to guide and curb. His blood, refined by long descent, was capable of greater extremes than is the blood of common horses. It became untamed and wild as the storm itself.

They reached the woods near the end of the palace enclosure, and through the trees the sea gleamed, angry and wrathful at the disturbance above. A fiery bolt fell straight down from the heavens into the sea, as if to punish her for daring to be displeased at their combat. The bolt fell where a schooner was battling to gain its port. Instantly it was a mass of flames, a ghastly and wonderful spectacle in the midst of the crashing thunder.

At the terrific crackling detonation, the gray lost all semblance of sense. He veered, and, as if he had been blinded by the lightning, crashed through a thick cedar hedge. By a miracle he passed through it without losing his footing,

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yet the half-yielding mass of thick branches had stopped his impetus; and before he could gather speed again, a hand seized the bridle, while a voice, soft and caressing in the midst of the storm, spoke soothingly to the horse. There seemed to be something mesmeric in the tone of the voice, in the touch of the hand, slim and bejeweled, for the gray, instead of plunging and trying to break loose, stood still, shivering, his head low and pressed against the man who had stopped him.

The Englishman slid from his saddle. Indeed, now that the exhilaration of the mad ride and its dangers had somewhat passed from him, he was glad to be safely off the back of his dangerous steed. It had all happened so quickly that only now had Lionel time to take note of his rescuer, in the dim light of the storm. Under-sized, slender and graceful, one would have thought him a boy, except for his beard, and his long silky mustaches, from which the rain dripped.

"I say, I believe you saved my life," Lionel said, speaking instinctively in English.

"Perhaps; but you see it was not written

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that you should die," the other replied, with a marked accent, but in excellent English. "So here you are, alive for the moment, though drenched to the skin—and still being drenched. However, the best part of the storm is at an end. There will be isolated cannonades, and the rain will continue to fall, but the main battle is over. It is not worth while staying out any longer."

"Yes, I've had quite enough for one morning. I fancy I'd better lead my horse back. He might take it into his head to bolt again."

"You are entirely too far from your part of the palace grounds to think of walking back, Mr. Adams; and if I know the Arab he will dislike turning back. He will go ahead, if you choose, but he has the blood which takes turning back as a defeat. So come with me. We are right at my pavilion, and I have warm beverages for you, and a shelter for your horse."

"Thank you. That sounds better than walking all the way back through the rain."

They led the still trembling horse between them, while the rain, now coming down more straight and steady, had the rhythmic step of

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a marching army. The pavilion before them was much larger than the one occupied by the tutor. At the door the man clapped his hands, and two richly attired Anatolians appeared. "See that the horse is soothed and rubbed down till he is himself again, and then put a light sheet on him," he ordered; then turned to the tutor:—

"Come, my friend, you need treatment as well as your horse. A bath may seem superfluous after our drenching; nevertheless, it will take out any possible chill."

They went through a richly furnished hall, up a flight of stairs, directly to the bathing-house. Two other attendants appeared, and in a minute they were divested of their dripping clothes, and were enjoying the luxuries of a Turkish bath. After the bath, his host offered the Englishman an Oriental bathrobe so silky and fluffy as to seem suitable only for a coquetish woman. The other wrapped himself in a similar garment, and the two men passed into a small room, so like a woman's boudoir that the Englishman felt uncomfortable at finding himself there.

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"I am sorry my dressing-gown is so short for you; but I am afraid, my friend, that you are over seven feet tall."

The Englishman laughed. "I'm barely six," he replied.

"That is quite sufficient to make it impossible for me to clothe you, since I am barely five feet two in my shoes."

After settling himself comfortably among the innumerable pillows on his divan, he clapped his hands, and a man answered the summons.

"My medicines, please; and since the gentleman here is also afraid of catching cold, he will partake of the same."

"Yes, your excellency."

"Make yourself comfortable, Mr. Adams. Put that rug over you, where my dressing-gown lacks adequate length."

The rug was of double plush, unmistakably from London, and Liberty's. He himself wrapped his diminutive person in a rug of rich golden brown, which matched the robe he was wearing. The incongruity of his beard and moustache, with his thick brown hair, which was long enough to give the illusion of a woman's

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head, and above all the feminine luxury of the man's room repelled, and at the same time fascinated, the Englishman. Who was the man? Undoubtedly he was a personage. There was that about him which bespoke blood, refinement, culture, and above all, financial ease. And how wonderfully he spoke English; yet the musical tones of his voice deprived the language of its virility — they made it a language for women and children, instead of what it essentially is, a language for men.

The servant appeared with a tray on which were two black bottles. On the one was written "Irish," on the other "Scotch." Beside them stood a white siphon bottle. The servant placed the tray on a richly inlaid table between host and guest. On another table he put four glasses.

With gravity the host inquired: "Which one will assist you best not to catch cold?" He spoke in Turkish for the benefit of the non-drinking Mohammedan, who stood erect, his arms crossed on his breast.

"Scotch, thank you."

"Pipes," said the host.

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The man prepared them, salaamed, and went from the room.

"I hear that you are not provident enough to keep such preventatives in your pavilion. If you will permit me, I will take pleasure in stocking you up with some. Mine come directly from England — England, the home of men."

Lionel almost laughed to hear him speak thus of "men," while waving his beautiful hand, whereon flashed a fortune in diamonds and rubies. Yet something saved the man, in spite of these incongruities; it was the eyes — his luminous, intelligent brown eyes.

"You have been to England?" Lionel asked.

"Oh, yes, I was educated in England, and I entertain for your country great admiration and profound respect. And because of that, I like every Englishman — more or less. You are a very good example of what an Anglo-Saxon ought to be. I have liked you from the first, and have been waiting for opportunity to bring us together. I had to wait quite a long time — but — as part of eternity — three years is a very short time."

"Then you have seen me before?"

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"Oh, yes. Ever since you came to the palace. I like to see you ride, and sometimes I have walked near your pavilion, to hear you sing. You are a paradox, Mr. Adams. You are every inch a man, and yet you seem content to live here like a French virgin in a convent."

Lionel blushed. The remark was in decided bad taste.

The other threw back his head and laughed. "I see you blush, my friend. How British! And how I envy you — how I wish I were an Anglo-Saxon. And yet I should miss being myself, too, — miss it terribly." He raised his glass, and drained its contents with gusto.

More than ever Lionel would have liked to know who the man before him was, but his Britishness kept him from asking.

"I think your race a marvelous race," the host continued. "It lacks the Gallic spirit, it is true; but it possesses fire underneath its calm exterior."

"Every nation has its good side," Lionel replied. "I am learning that here."

"How much did you know of the East, Mr. Adams, when you came here?"

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"Nothing at all, and I cannot say that I know much yet."

"You ought to learn the history of Constantinople from its very beginning, when it was a small colony of Constantine Bysas, before the Roman legions swept down upon it and from Greek Byzantium turned it into Roman Constantinople. Then follow it three hundred years later, when the spirit of Greek culture again predominated, and changed the Roman Constantinople back into a Greek Empire. Follow its history from one period to another, until, in the fifteenth century, the mantle of Islam was flung over it all."

As the man talked, his spirit seemed to detach itself from its environment and to live in his eyes alone. There was nothing ridiculous about him now.

"Ah, Mr. Adams, there is no history so intensely beautiful and so human as the history of Constantinople. To the average person, Constantinople is the city of the Sultan—picturesque, unkempt. To the average diplomat, it is a place of intrigue. To the average monarch, it is a piece of booty. But to the stu-

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dent of civilization and history, Constantinople is an intellectual mine. In its glory as a Greek Empire, great poets, great orators, great rulers succeeded one another. It was here, within the walls of St. Sophia, that John Chrysostom made his famous speech on Vanity, while Ypatos Eutropius, in his night-clothes only, crouched beneath the holy altar, trembling before the infuriated mob, which, like an unchained beast, with snarling teeth and nostrils snuffing blood, sat waiting for Eutropius. You can hear John Chrysostom addressing the loathsome brutes before him: 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' He points out to them the once powerful man, now barely covered with his night-clothes, and continues: 'Where now is the splendor of this trembling man? Where are his fine clothes? Where the power he had? All are gone! Nothing is left but a weak and defenseless fugitive, clinging to the holy altar.' And as he talked with his 'honeyed tongue' the infuriated mob gradually became human, and one by one they left St. Sophia, no longer bent on killing the man who had oppressed their souls. Ah, Mr. Adams, a country with such spiritual power

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cannot go under. The Asiatic hordes can conquer such a city. They can turn St. Sophia into a Turkish mosque. They can coat with white-wash the pictures of the Christian saints; and they can build minarets on her old churches, from which the muezzin call the followers of Islam to prayer. They can surround Constantinople with the pomp of the Califs, and make of it the capital of Turkey; but make it Turkish — never! Conquered, humiliated, outraged, sacked and burned, Constantinople still breathes Greek life; for those who spoke the language of Chrysostom, those who discovered in their souls the secret of immortality, are its rightful possessors. They are the watchers beside the bleeding soul of Greek civilization. The world thought that the Greek soul had died with Constantine Paleologos; but those who are watching beside it know that it can never die. The Turks have lived here for five hundred years, but they have only been camping — they have never been able to take root; and being unable to take root they have lost the superb qualities which made the Turkish race what it was in Asia.”

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He leaned over and tapped the Englishman's arm. "That is what ails the Turkish nation to-day. They feel themselves aliens and outsiders in the capital of their own empire. Their salvation lies in the East: they must go back to Asia, and start over again to become strong as they once have been. There is much that is good and great in their nation; but the Asiatic seed will not grow in Greek soil. Come with me some night, Mr. Adams, out on the ramparts of old Byzantium. There in the silence of the night you will hear the moaning of the Greek soul. You will hear her calling to her children to rise and free her from the bondage she has been under for five hundred years."

He shook his head and smiled. "I talk nonsense, Mr. Adams, but to know Constantinople you must breathe her aroma, you must see beneath her veil. And I will give you other illustrations of the truth of what I say about the futility of trying to transmute one nation into another. Has Austria ever been able to make Italy Austrian — or any of the other alien races she governs? Has Poland — whether she be German or Russian — ever forgotten that she

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is Polish? Has Alsace forgotten that she is French; or has great England managed to make the nations, which form the vital organs of her body, English? I have traveled extensively through Great Britain, and I have found Ireland to be Irish, Scotland, Scotch, and Wales, Welsh, although they are a part of the most civilized country of the white race. If England fails, how can any other country succeed? No; the national ideals, such as they may be, need their own soil."

More intently than ever he continued: "Constantinople is the point where ethical civilization received its first great check. A great soul is kept here bleeding; and until the world breaks these chains and gives to each soul, great and small, the freedom to live its own national life, we shall continue to be a world of hatreds, enemies, intrigues, and wars. — Have I talked too much, Mr. Adams? You see, I had to try to entertain you while your clothes were being dried, and the only tale I know well is the one I have just told you."

He laughed, becoming again the complexity he had been. "I like England," he went on,

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“and, as I said before, I like the English. I should like to be your friend, and help you to understand things.”

He extended his hand toward a panel, on which was painted a gay little Watteau shepherdess. He pressed an invisible spring, and the panel flew open, disclosing several shelves filled with books.

“These are what no man may own, openly, in Turkey. In them is the spirit of Greece — of civilization. If you care to know them, come and spend some hours with me, and I will take you step by step into their contents. When you know their secrets, you will know immortal things.”

He pressed another spring, and the panel shut, and all that remained of the books was the gay little shepherdess of the Watteau panel.

Unable to keep the question back any longer, the Englishman exclaimed: “Who are you?”

“Who am I? Oh, I’m only the imperial cook.”

CHAPTER XIV

A NIGHT ON THE RAMPARTS

Thank you.

Kizatesh.

In these three words the mother of Bayazet replied to the note Lionel had written her. The English came to him with a thrill, though he had known that she was learning it from her son.

This was the beginning of an irregular correspondence, which meant more in the tutor's life than any other single factor. What if it concerned itself mainly with the education of a small boy? Through it, he and she learned to know each other, almost as if they had been able to meet and talk together. Their letters were short. Now and then a word, a phrase, gave Lionel a glimpse of Kizatesh's inner self — of her exquisite personality. In one of her letters, she begged Lionel to get her some books of the history of the world, that she might not be so

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ignorant, and might second him in the instruction of her boy. Thus, for her sake, he became a reader and student of books, which he procured through the help of Anton Effendi, the imperial cook, and which then reached Kizatesh Sultana through Lala Sheddin. The eunuch made no objection to this unlawful knowledge filtering into the palace. In this process of education, the one-time diplomat and statesman, and present imperial cook, played no small part, and Lionel became his pupil, even as he himself was the teacher of Bayazet and of Bayazet's mother. The peculiarities of Anton Effendi no longer bothered him. His effeminate ways, his occasional lapses from good taste, receded, and Lionel saw only the man's great intellect and superb scholarship.

With these interests, and with the friendship of Manlove Pasha and of Lala Sheddin, the years slipped by with a contentment that was almost happiness.

After Lionel came to know Anton Effendi well, he found out that the burning dream of the man was his patriotism for Greece. One evening Lionel was calling on Anton Effendi,

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when the talk touched on Athens. At the word the cook's face seemed to become all eyes, as it did whenever he was absorbingly interested in anything. "I do not like Athens," he said with a shiver. "I am always unhappy there — I have the feeling that I am walking on a corpse. Even the Acropolis seems to me dead — without life and spirit. For a long time I could not discover the cause. I know it now. I found it out while walking on the ramparts of old Byzantium. Athens is without soul. It is Greece in body, in form; but the soul is here. When that is set free, the Acropolis will come to life — not before." He sprang from his seat. "Mr. Adams, come with me — to-night — out on the ramparts of old Byzantium. Then you will understand."

"I should like to; but I have not asked permission. There would be trouble to get out — and we might not be able to get back at all."

"Come!" repeated Anton Effendi. "There will be no trouble. I must show it to you."

Lionel followed him, resolved, if the gate-keeper made any objection, to return to his own

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quarters. But Anton Effendi did not go toward the gates: he went in the opposite direction. It was a brilliant moonlight night. They walked toward the wooded end of the palace enclosure, till they reached a mass of laurel bushes growing thick along the wall. Stopping for an instant, and looking about him, to make sure no one was observing him, the Greek plunged in among the laurels, crouching down, so that he was entirely lost to view.

With difficulty the tall Englishman followed his example, and they squirmed their way toward the wall. On reaching that they turned to the left for about twenty yards, till they came to a small door in the wall, hardly four feet high. In the uncertain light which filtered through the laurels it looked very old and quite disused; but Lionel noticed that when the Greek inserted a key in the lock it turned smoothly as if well oiled.

Anton Effendi pushed open the door a foot, against something on the other side which resisted his push, and the two men squeezed through. On the other side a luxuriant growth of ivy covered both the door and the wall, and

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when the former was in place again, it became entirely lost under its dense covering of vine.

“How ever did you manage to find this way of leaving the palace?” Lionel asked, straightening up his tall figure with relief.

“In an old rabbit warren like the palace, there are always secret ways of getting about. I spent three weeks — after I took up my permanent residence here — in examining the walls of the palace before I came upon this. Apparently it had n’t been used for years, and I spent another week pouring oil into the lock. And then —” He stopped and laughed. “I am about to commit an indiscretion, and all because you have inspired in me a confidence which, alas! I fear none of my own countrymen could have inspired. I am going to confess to you one of my accomplishments that no other living person knows about. I am a locksmith. I have a small, secret room fitted up with an interesting collection of tools. No one goes there. I believe they think I am something of an alchemist — and it does not hurt my reputation to have them think so. There I spend many pleasant hours, when tired of

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books, in studying and dissecting all kinds of locks."

"But why should you make a secret of it?" Lionel asked.

"Locks play a more vital part in the life of the East than they do in that of the West. You only lock up your gold: we lock up our women. Thus, locksmithing is lifted out of the prosaic realm of Business into the glory of Romance. The lock is the endeavor of man to keep, without striving, what he only won by strife. And the futility of it — the weakness of that whole spirit which seeks merely to conserve — is exemplified by the fact that, with a bit of wax and a day's time, there is not a lock in the Sultan's palace to which I cannot fit a key."

"No wonder you don't want your accomplishment known," Lionel said.

Anton Effendi chuckled. "I tumbled into enough trouble through my talent for cooking. If my taste for locksmithing were discovered, it might conduce to my own considerable inconvenience. They are a suspicious lot, these Orientals. I doubt if they could comprehend an abstract interest in the subject."

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“How did you happen to take up this fad?”

“Praise be to Allah that I did. But for it, my movements would often be more circumscribed than I should like — as to-night, for example. There is a boat-landing not far from here where we can get a caïque.”

After a half-mile walk they reached the landing, where a row of boats rested on the water, fastened by short ropes to iron rings in the landing. The Greek pulled in the first boat by the rope, peered into its depths; then stepped into it and shook the sleeping forms of the caïquetchis in the bottom. “Wake, my friends, and take us to the Golden Horn.”

The men picked up their oars with alacrity, and Anton Effendi and the Englishman settled themselves comfortably in the stern. They disembarked at one of the villages. All the world seemed plunged in a great silence, and only once did they meet the night watchman, with his lantern and his heavy stick, patrolling the unlighted streets. Beyond the village they climbed the hill, the houses below them looking like dark, recumbent forms on the edge of the water.

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They reached the ramparts: those Byzantine walls, once the pride of its emperors, now useless and scorned; in places intact, but oftener half-demolished, or merely a heap of stones, like discouraged sentinels of a past civilization, standing above the sea. The Greek, with head bent, walked on without a word, seeming to forget that he had brought a guest with him. They came upon a solitary figure, sitting on the stump of a demolished column. He touched his forehead with his forefinger. "Yà tin èlephthèria," he said.

"Yà tin èlephthèria," replied the Sultan's cook, and touched his own forehead with his forefinger. Twice again, during the night they encountered men, who saluted each other with the same words and the same gesture. Lionel asked no questions, respecting the taciturnity of his usually voluble host. Finally they stopped beside a huge crumbling gateway.

"This is the gate through which the Asiatic hordes entered the city," said Anton Effendi somberly. "I never walk by these walls but I live over again the last tremendous fight which Christianity made against Islam. 'Christian-

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ity,' did I say? I was wrong, because the Greeks were refused help by the then powerful Church of Rome, unless they would abandon the Orthodox faith, and become Roman Catholics." After a long pause he went on: "I come here, whenever I can, on nights when the moon is full. I come, in order that it" — he waved his hand toward the dark city — "may know that it does not suffer alone."

They walked still farther along the ramparts, and in this fantastic night, it seemed to Lionel as if he could in very truth hear the moaning of the enchained Greek soul, in the old city below.

"I shall never marry," Anton Effendi went on, with a touch of sadness in his voice. "You will find many Greeks of wealth all over the world who will not marry, so long as Constantinople is enslaved. It is not an easy thing, because we Greeks love to be fathers, to have sons, many of them, and to see them grow up with our traditions. But we, who belong to the Brotherhood of Ships, must have no descendants to claim our wealth when we die. All our money must go to the buying of dreadnoughts — to the building up of a great Greek navy,

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which some day may reconquer Constantinople, may free the Greek soul, and permit the priests to enter St. Sophia, again.”

It was a wonderful experience for the Englishman, this night spent on the ramparts of old Byzantium. The two returned to the palace just before dawn, entering the same way that they had gone out. It did not seem worth while to Lionel to go to bed at all. Later in the morning, — and for many days afterwards, — when he was teaching the Ottoman princes as usual, he would stop to wonder whether he and Anton Effendi had, indeed, been out of the palace on that night, or whether he had dreamed it all, so remote, so unreal did it seem.

CHAPTER XV

MOTHER AND SON

LALA SHEDDIN approved of the friendship of Lionel and Anton Effendi. "Of course I only trust Anton Effendi up to a certain extent," he remarked one day. "No Mussulman ever trusts a Greek implicitly — perhaps because he has the feeling that he is sitting in the Greek's home."

This admission surprised Lionel. "Do you think that the Greeks hope some day to reconquer Constantinople?" he inquired casually.

"They don't 'hope,' they expect to," Lala Sheddin replied. "A great deal of the money they earn here as government officials they send to Greece, for her army and navy. They have a grim humor, these Greeks, and they are a heartless race." Lala Sheddin tapped his forehead: "They do everything from here — not from the heart."

Lionel was learning the East from all sides, Manlove Pasha's, no less than Lala Sheddin's.

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Manlove had the heartiest contempt for the Greeks. "They are all soulless rascals," he said one day with great earnestness. "They worship money for money's sake. Look at Anton Effendi! He is actually content to be a cook, because he gets more pay than he did as an exalted government official. What he does with his money I can't imagine. I tried to get some out of him once for charity, and he would n't give me a copper. Said he did n't believe in charity. The only good thing about the Greeks is that, like the Jews, they take care of their own people. And there is n't a village throughout Turkey with a hundred Greeks in it but a church goes up and a fine school — and from somewhere the money is forthcoming. Just the same, they are a detestably cunning race. They keep things boiling here."

Lionel never came to Manlove Pasha's opinion about the Greeks. Perhaps it was because he had plumbed the depths of Anton Effendi's character; or it may have been because the mother of Bayazet was of pure Greek descent, and the race which could produce her could not be hateful to him.

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Bayazet was in his ninth year when his mother sent Lionel a letter begging him to try to save her son from a premature marriage. "Soon I may no longer see him often," she wrote, "and my words may grow dim in his mind. He is so tall and strong that they will try to give him a wife even earlier than his brothers. As he already has pride in his blood and race, can you not give him equal pride in his strength and manhood? Then he may himself refuse to accept a wife."

Lionel's attention was caught by a rustle of leaves in the trees near his balcony, where he was sitting. Thrusting the letter into his pocket, he looked up and saw Prince Murad among the leaves. He was flattened along a limb, his head thrust forward, his nostrils distended, and he snuffed like an animal at fault in following a scent. In an instant, seeming to catch the scent again, he crept out to the end of the limb, swung himself to another, and followed that to the trunk of the next tree.

The Englishman watched him in horrified fascination until he disappeared from sight. Prince Murad had finished his education three

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years before, and Lionel had seen little of him since. Yet stories of his perverted degeneracy had frequently come to his ears. It was said that he had small wild animals trapped for him; then released them within the palace enclosure and hunted them down, killing them with his teeth and nails. He had also a demoniac fondness for perfumes, and had been known to follow the trail of some woman for a mile through the palace enclosure. His sense of smell was said to be keener than that of a hound.

To-day was not the first time that Lionel had actually been a witness of Murad's hunting. Once he had seen him catch a squirrel, tear its throat with his teeth, and drink its blood. The remembrance of the hideous sight had haunted Lionel for days. With Kizatesh Sultana's letter in his pocket, he shuddered at the possibility of Bayazet's ever sinking to such a state.

There came a crash through the branches and a scream, and then the thud of a heavy body falling on the ground. Lionel rushed downstairs and out in the direction of the noise. He found Prince Murad lying unconscious, one

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hand still clutching a young lynx, which was scratching and biting at his face. Almost as quickly as the Englishman there arrived Murad's bodyguard, and by the time they had dispatched the young lynx and obtained some water to bathe the face of the unconscious man, Lala Sheddin appeared. He did not seem surprised at the scene. Sadly he gazed upon the face of the reviving youth; then said in English to Lionel:—

“It would have been better had he died. His wives would have been happier. It is their blood he will be drinking next.” He stroked his chin, and then went on slowly: “They take away from us the gift of life, and they themselves beget such as this. Ah, Lionel Effendi, if you were to go with me from palace to palace, in this enclosure, you would see to what extent the soul can be outraged by pampered and indulged bodies. I have grown old in the service of the Califs, but I believe that which has made my hair gray is not years, but the ugliness of life.”

A litter was sent for, and Murad was carried to his home. Rather to Lionel's astonishment,

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none of his brothers ever made any reference to their brother's accident. Only Lala Sheddin referred to it a few nights later.

"When they don't get altogether stupefied, they are likely to develop all sorts of manias. What can you expect? Before they are half-developed they are treated as men, and given their own harems. That is what *she* is afraid of. She fears that when they take away her child, they will marry him immediately; and, of course, in a few years he will be strengthless and spiritless, like the rest of them."

These talks with Lala Sheddin, and the incident that led up to them, afforded the tutor startling proof of the very real danger against which Kizatesh Sultana had warned Lionel, and he resolved to exert to the utmost his influence with the boy to avert it. The next day he guardedly hinted at the unhappy condition of his brother Murad, and at its cause. He began to work on the boy's pride as an Osmanli prince, and then passed on to the greater pride which each man should entertain for his manhood and his physical fitness.

Bayazet listened with the attention he always

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accorded the words of his tutor; but it staggered the Englishman when the boy replied:—

“A boy becomes a man when he is the lord of a woman. I am stronger and taller than many of my older brothers, and my bodyguard has told me several times that there are already many women in the palace who wish to claim me for their lord.”

The proud attitude of the boy as he spoke was added proof how right the mother had been to fear for her son. Lionel considered the youngster a minute; then he asked gravely:—

“Have you ever told your mother what your bodyguard told you?”

Bayazet drew himself up. “A man does not talk with a woman of what he talks with another man.”

Looking earnestly into the boy's eyes, Lionel said: “Will you do me the favor to tell her, this evening, what we have talked of, and what your bodyguard told you? You will find that, although she is a woman, because she is your mother, she can enlighten and help you more than any other human being.”

The boy was impressed by his tutor's serious

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manner, and, after an instant's hesitation, promised.

Lionel looked after Bayazet, when the latter left him at the close of school hours, with newly appraising eyes. The arrogant pride of the Osmanli, together with that inherited from his Cretan blood, made the boy stand straight and hold his head erect, while the exercises Lionel had given him had made his shoulders flat and broad. He stood a head taller than his brothers of the same age, who by this time had come under the Englishman's care. Lionel had been very proud of Bayazet's physical development and manly appearance. Now he became afraid of both.

The early slates had been replaced by copy-books, for the last two years, and these Bayazet still carried to his mother every night. That evening, after she had gone over his lessons with him, as usual, she asked:—

“My lion, what did your man talk with you about to-day?”

The boy tossed up his head and surveyed his mother. No one had ever told him directly that one sex was superior to the other, yet instinc-

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tively he had the Oriental attitude toward the woman. She was made to be the flower in a man's garden; she was made to be adored: but never for a moment did he consider her the equal of a man — man, the lord of creation! It hurt him now to have to talk with his mother on a subject which he felt he should discuss with men alone. And though his man had told him to, he still hesitated, and caressed his mother instead of answering her. Gradually and quite naturally he had assumed toward her the air of a protector.

She patted him. His former long, dark curls for the last two years had lain in a silk bag, among the mother's precious possessions. His baby clothes had been replaced by military uniforms, and the eaglet she once had embroidered on his dresses, now, made of jewels, he wore pinned on his breast. It was the one remaining sign of his babyhood which he would still endure. But it delighted her to foster the air of the dictator which the boy naturally assumed toward her; because she had great dreams for him, she wanted him to learn to command from early boyhood. She was content

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to assume the rôle of second, in order that he might learn to be first.

She waited patiently for him to speak. Taking up his hand she kissed it. "This little hand will some day be a man's hand, and do men's deeds," she murmured.

"Sultana mother, when does a boy become a man?"

The moment had come, and she thanked Allah for it with all the fervor of her soul. Taking both his hands, she placed them on her heart. "My son, it is here that I carried you for nine whole months, keeping myself pure in action and pure in thought, so that your little body should grow within me in purity. I thought of you, and you alone, from the moment you came to me. I breathed clean air so that you should have it clean. I did not light one cigarette, lest it might annoy you. I ate no heavy food, so that you might not be disturbed by its heaviness; and never did I permit myself to feel anger or hate, so that you should not learn those mean things through me. When you were born, your little body was perfect, because I had worked for its perfection. All that is what

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the woman does for her son; but the son has also a father, and some day you will be a father of sons — when you will be a man. You should look upon your body as proudly as you do upon your rank, and keep it clean and sweet. You asked me just now when a boy becomes a man. I should say when he was twenty-one years old.”

“Twenty-one,” Bayazet repeated thoughtfully. “It seems to me a man is very old when he is twenty-one.”

“My son, suppose you were in the woods, hunting, and the exercise had given you great desire for food. Your food awaits you two hours away: there your table is spread. Nevertheless, you are very hungry, and come upon a small child, eating. Although it is only child’s food, it would appease your hunger. You are bigger and stronger — would you take it from him?”

“But suppose that, instead of a child, I meet a man’s feast, and am invited to partake — must I still keep on until I reach my own table?”

“Bayazet, in my allegory, you cannot be invited to a man’s feast while you are yet a boy;

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and you will not be a man before you are twenty-one. Should you take a wife before you reach that age, you would be like a hunter who stole the child's food. And that child would be your own son, and the food you would steal from him would be the strength and the power which you must reserve in yourself to give to your sons. A man is what his mother and father make of him. Would you like, my prince, to be the father of weak and sickly sons?"

Bayazet shook his head vehemently.

"Then remember that your sons are flesh of your flesh, and blood of your blood, and that they will be what you make of them. You would not be what you are had I not thought solely of you before you were born. Should you misuse your strength before you are twenty-one, you will rob your sons of their inheritance."

"But my bodyguard told me that already there are women who wish to acclaim me as their lord. All my brothers are lords of women before they are fourteen. Am I, then, to be considered inferior to them?"

A shudder passed over Kizatesh Sultana, as

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she listened to these words. Some one was already at work, like a thief in the night.

“My prince, do you think that the strong, fair-haired young Englishman who teaches you is less of a man than your brothers?”

“No; he is much more,” Bayazet said decidedly.

“Yet he possesses no women — and he is far stronger, far more of a man than any one here, just because he can be master of himself.” Kizatesh clasped her son to her, and held him for a long time to her heart without speaking. When she had carefully formed the words of what she wished to say, she spoke: “Lion, son, it is true that you are not yet a man to be father of men; yet you are man enough to make and keep a promise. Will you give a promise to your mother, and having given your promise, can you be strong enough and splendid enough to keep it?”

“Have I ever failed you?” he asked proudly.

“Thus far you have never failed me — but also you have never been put to a severe trial. Have you the courage to keep a promise to me, even if a great desire may possess you? Like

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the hunter in the woods, you may become hungry long before you reach your own table, and on all sides you may see tempting food which unlawfully you could make your own. Do you think you could then keep your promise?"

"I am sure I could," he replied proudly.

"Let us then have a trial — before you make any promise. For three days go without food, while seeing tempting food within your reach. That will show you how difficult it will be to resist."

Bayazet rose up, superbly indignant. "Eagle woman, do you think you need to give me such a trial?"

"I ask it as a favor."

"Well, then, I accept — only it shall be five days, instead of three."

"No! No! That is too much," Kizatesh cried.

"It must be five, because I will it."

To his mother's arguments, he, in his wounded pride, would not listen. That feeling in him, which had revolted at the idea of any trial being necessary, now urged him to make the conditions of the utmost severity. Since





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his eagle woman doubted him, she should learn of what he was capable.

Kizatesh Sultana sent a letter to Lionel, telling him of the trial, and begging him to persuade Bayazet to be content with a three days' fast.

"Plucky little beggar," the Englishman murmured, after he had spoken with Bayazet about it, "I believe he will stick it out."

During the days of fasting, Kizatesh Sultana did not spare her son. Delicious baskets of fruit were the first things that met his eyes when he woke up; plates of tempting slices of bread and butter and cold meats were placed on the tables in his dressing-room. Even when he came to his lessons, he found viands on his desk.

Lionel had never liked and admired the boy so much as during these five days of trial. Bayazet touched nothing. On the evening of the fifth day he came to his mother. He was pale, and felt dizzy, yet he stood before her proudly as ever.

"I think you ought to have had more faith in me, sultana mother," he said.

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"It was not faith that I lacked. I wished you to know how difficult it would be for you to keep your promise. I did not wish you to say later: 'My mother had no right to exact a promise from me which I could not possibly keep.'"

"And now that I have shown to you that I can do what I will to do, what is that other promise you wish me to give you?"

She took him in her arms. "You must eat first, my son. It is now five full days since a morsel of food has passed your lips."

"I prefer to take the oath now, fasting, as if this were the real Ramazan."

"Very well, my son. Perhaps it is better. I wish you to promise me that until you are twenty-one you will refuse to become lord of women."

Bayazet's eyebrows contracted. "I shall be laughed at by my brothers; but since you and Addám think it best, I will."

With hands folded on his breast he gave his mother the promise that she longed for.

CHAPTER XVI

THE PRICE OF A WOMAN

THE comparative tranquillity in which those concerned in this tale were living was drawing to a close. It was no indefinite period, which might last on from year to year: it had its fixed limits, only too well known to most of the actors in this drama. Manlove Pasha alone did not know of the five years' armistice between the Sultan and Kizatesh Sultana, nor of the struggle that had preceded it. Hence, for some months after Lala Sheddin's visit to him, he had chafed under the expectation of something about to happen, which never happened; but as a year passed, and then another, without bringing any dire results, his apprehensions gradually dulled themselves on the edge of time. The only circumstance that, at irregular intervals, reminded him that something might yet occur, were the sums, now large, now small, which the head eunuch entrusted to him to invest for Lionel. These now amounted to a considerable

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total, which was rapidly increasing, since the interest was always added to the principal. Except for this, Manlove Pasha would have come to the conclusion that Lala Sheddin had abandoned whatever scheme he once had entertained.

On the day which ended Lionel's fifth year in the service of the Sultan, the young Englishman arose earlier than usual. It was cool and fresh, and the air had that velvety quality which soothes the nerves and stirs the mind to reveries of the past. Lionel stood on his balcony, breathing in the air gently blowing up from the Bosphorus. He was not ruminating of the past, but speculating about the future. Five years he had been here, and this was significant because in a few days there would also be at an end the five years during which the Sultan had promised to leave Kizatesh Sultana in peace. Then again the thwarted monarch would be at liberty to persecute — to punish — to torture, if he would, the woman who had withstood him. The Englishman's lips were drawn into a straight line, and his hands were clenched in his pockets. Who was to defend her when these last few days were past?

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"Well, my friend, your face looks as if you were preparing to hit some one a hard blow."

The eunuch, as usual, had appeared, softly, unannounced. Lionel shook hands with him.

"What brings you here with the sun?" he asked.

"Oh, not with the sun. He has been up a long time, and has no doubt already seen a lot of mischief, though we may know nothing of it. As to what brings me here: a message from my imperial master."

"A message? For me?"

Lala Sheddin nodded. "It is five years to-day since you undertook to teach his sons."

"Oh! Did he remember that?"

"Yes. He seems to have a good memory for dates," the eunuch replied dryly.

A pause followed, full of significance for both men. Lionel cleared his throat.

"Then—er—I suppose there is no chance that he will forget that the five years of Kizatesh Sultana's—er—respite are drawing to a close?"

Through half-closed eyes the eunuch gazed toward the far horizon, where the loveliest of hills bathed their feet in the Bosphorus.

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"I think he will remember," he replied slowly.

The two men remained silent for several minutes. Then the eunuch asked:—

"Were you thinking of that, when you looked so — savage?"

"Savage! Was I looking especially savage?" Lionel asked evasively.

Lala Sheddin laughed. "Don't waste your time pretending. I know you as well as a mother knows her only child. But don't you wish to know my message?"

"Yes, of course."

"You are to come up with me to the palace, and there you are to take breakfast with my imperial master, and with all the princes who have been or who still are your pupils. His intention also is to decorate you. That is why I came so early — to give you time to make yourself fit for such imperial breakfasting. Now you may go and get ready — while I sit here and speculate as to the cause of the savage look you wore when I appeared. Oh, by the way, I have also a package for you — from Kizatesh Sultana."

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From the pocket of his frock coat the eunuch produced a small bundle, wrapped in a piece of brocade. Cool and self-restrained as Lionel was, the color flew to his cheeks; and his confusion was increased by the knowledge that the shrewd eyes of the other were fastened upon him. "Confound the man!" he thought.

Carelessly he accepted the package, and turned to go.

"I shall have to invent some nice things to tell Kizatesh Sultana that you said, or her feelings will be hurt. It's hard lines to have to invent things for everybody's feelings," Lala Sheddin complained. "I expected you would, at least, manifest a little pleasure in her gift — considering she has worked at it for months."

"I am *awfully* obliged," Lionel replied, blushing anew.

Lala Sheddin took him by the shoulders and shook him — and the Englishman was amazed at his strength: "Come now, my boy, you know you are as happy as — how do you say? — ah, yes — as happy as punches. Are you going to your room to put away the package until a more convenient time? No! You will open it

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as soon as you are alone. Therefore, why not open it now? Do you think because I know the vanity of the world, I have outgrown curiosity? Some months ago she asked my permission to make something for you, for this date. I gave her the permission — and now I want to know what is in the package.”

Lionel unwrapped the piece of brocade. Inside it was a little pile of handkerchiefs, beautifully embroidered with a mother eagle and an eaglet.

On the wings of each was embroidered a letter, and to the Englishman’s surprise, it was the letter L. There was also a note: —

*From Bayazet’s mother, whose
heart is a mosque, in which the
religion is gratitude for you*

Lionel thrust the letter into his pocket. This, at least, he would not share with Lala Sheddin. He pointed to the embroidered *L*’s on the wings.

“How did she know my name?” he asked.

“Oh, we have talked a good deal about you. She knows all that I know. Sometimes it

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seems to me that she even knows more." As the eunuch contemplated the little pile of handkerchiefs, he shook his head wearily. "There is a special Providence for fools and women. Had this package been found on me — with a note to you — I don't know what would have happened to *her*; but I know that by this time *I* should have been hanging from some tree, of which my master would have had a good view from his window. I was carrying my own death-warrant, and did not know it."

He picked up one of the handkerchiefs, and examined the eagles, smiling grimly.

"When you go to breakfast with my master, suppose you take one of these, and let him see what an excellent needlewoman Kizatesh Sultana is. I doubt whether he knows of this accomplishment of hers." The eunuch with his head on one side caressed his beardless chin. "By the Mantle of the Prophet, that would be an experience," he chuckled. An instant later he was quite serious again. "Enjoy these handkerchiefs all you wish, to-day. To-night Manlove Pasha is coming to dine with you. Give them to him, and tell him to send them to

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England to await you there. Here they are too—explosive. I should love to whip her for this. I don't know what Allah was thinking of when he created women. He must have been absent-minded, and have forgotten to give them any sense."

Again he contemplated the little pile of handkerchiefs, and smiled: "Allah must have a sense of humor," he murmured. "The Sultan holds sway over nine hundred million souls—yet those handkerchiefs he could not have as a free gift, for all his power. And now you will go up to him, you will drop on one knee before him, and he will decorate you with a precious bauble: and for nothing that he possesses would you even let him see one of these precious handkerchiefs. It is a humorous world. Well, go and get ready: things will happen as they will happen."

Half an hour later the Sultan received the tutor and the head eunuch with all his Oriental courtesy and charm of manner. He motioned to the Englishman to sit down on the foot of the divan, on which he was half-reclining. With another motion he dismissed Lala Sheddin.

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"It is five years to-day since you came here," he began graciously. "You have been happy?"

"Quite so, your majesty."

"Anton Effendi calls you a monk. Are you going to take orders?"

"No, your majesty."

"Then — are you going to be married?"

"I do not think so, your majesty."

"Is there a woman — you are in love with?" He spoke with an odd drawl in the middle of his sentence, which somehow gave to his words unusual significance.

After a slight hesitation, the Englishman answered: "Yes, your majesty."

"She must be a very difficult lady — to make you wait so long."

Lionel made no reply to this.

"And you must love her very much, to be able to live so indifferent to the rest of woman-kind," the Sultan went on.

Again the tutor did not answer.

"Is she — very beautiful?"

"She has a beautiful soul."

"We are told women have no souls. Do you believe differently?"

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"My mother had a soul. The woman I love has one."

The Sultan played with the string of precious beads in his hand, meditatively. Then he asked:—

"Is it because she has a soul that she refuses to be yours? Or is it because you are poor? Suppose you were a monarch, like me, would she then come to you?"

"No, your majesty. The soul of a woman has no price."

"You talk as poets talk — but you are wrong. Allah alone has no price: women are created to bring joy to men." After a slight pause he added: "Do you not hope some day to make her yours?"

"I have no hope of that, your majesty."

"Meanwhile, her youth is passing; her bloom is fading. But since there is no hope of your obtaining the woman you love, I suppose we can count on keeping you here."

"I should like to stay here until Bayazet finishes his education."

The Sultan glanced quickly at the tutor. "Why only Bayazet?" he asked.

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“Because — er” — Lionel thought he discerned awakening suspicion in the words of the monarch — “because he is the youngest pupil I started with.”

The ray of suspicion — if it were such — disappeared from the countenance of the Sultan, and in its place appeared an appraising expression.

“Is Bayazet cleverer than his brothers?” he asked.

“He is different.”

“Is the ‘difference’ in his favor?”

Lionel weighed his reply carefully.

“It is a matter of taste, your majesty.”

The Commander of the Faithful did not pursue the subject further. Instead he laid his hand on a box, near him on the divan, and opened it. It contained a decoration. He glanced at it, then clapped his hands, and, to Lala Sheddin, who entered, he said:—

“I have changed my mind. I prefer to give to Adams Effendi a decoration of a higher order. Keep this yourself.”

Lala Sheddin kneeled and kissed the foot of the monarch, took the decoration, and left the room. He returned with another box.

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"Come, Adams Effendi," said the Sultan.

The Englishman dropped on one knee before him, and the Sultan fastened the decoration upon his breast.

"This is for your services to my sons." Then from his pocket he drew a gold cigarette-case, engraved with the imperial arms. "And this is from me."

Lionel thanked him, glad to be through with his knight-errant posturing.

"And now, as to your poetical love," the Sultan said suddenly, "perhaps if you were to describe her, one similar to her might be found to console you."

"I am afraid not," the Englishman replied icily. And there blazed a light in his eyes before which the gaze of the potentate flickered and sought the far horizon.

Presently the Sultan turned to Lala Sheddin: "My sons may now join us for breakfast."

During the next few days the tension of waiting — he knew not for what — grew almost insupportable for Lionel. Had the Sultan forgotten? Had he found a new favorite? And

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if he had, would that make him forgive the woman who had repulsed him?

The Sultan had proved to the Englishman that he had a good memory.

How would he now plan his revenge? Would it not be in the manner that would be most poignantly felt — through Kizatesh Sultana's love for her boy? Fiercely Lionel resented this. The Sultan and he had oddly reversed rôles; and with something like a father's love Lionel thought protectingly of Bayazet.

A week passed, and nothing happened. Instead of lulling Lionel's fears, the delay increased them.

On the ninth day, Bayazet did not come to his morning lessons. Lionel hoped that he might only be ill, and was alert for any word his brothers might drop about it — he dared not ask them.

In the afternoon, with an anxiety that no one could understand whose life and interests had not been as restricted as had Lionel's, he awaited the hour for his private lesson with Bayazet. At the appointed time the boy did not

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appear. A quarter of an hour passed — twenty minutes.

Lionel got up and paced the length of his room.

At the half-hour he heard hurried footsteps approaching; the door of the schoolroom was flung open, and Bayazet came in, without a bodyguard, and carrying his own books.

“Good-day!” he said gruffly.

His face was pale and haggard, and it was easy to see that he was unhappy. That he was blazing with rage was also plain. The tutor thought it best to wait for the boy to speak; yet it was the Englishman who finally broke the silence.

“If you are in trouble, Bayazet, there is no need of my telling you that I will help you, if I am able to.”

The boy shook his head miserably. “No, no one can help me. It is not I, so much as — as my mother.”

The Englishman felt a cold sinking at the heart. For her, he could not even offer his help.

Bayazet covered his face with his hands for

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an instant; then he raised his head, and stamped on the floor.

“She always says I must be a man — and I want to cry like a baby. What is the use of pretending? I am not a man. If I were, I could kill like a man, and defend her like a man.” He went up to the Englishman, and placing his clenched fists on his breast cried: “Addám, when shall I be able to slay — to slay?”

The boy looked like a veritable little savage. Lionel drew him down upon his knee, tall as he was.

“Sit still a minute, Bayazet. Perhaps we shall be able to think of some way to help, even better than slaying.”

The boy threw his arms around his tutor’s neck, and for a few seconds the dark head rested on the man’s breast, while the sobs, for so long restrained, shook his young frame. Then he sprang up.

“I cannot sit still. If I do, I just think! I should not mind it so much if I could see her and talk it over with her. I did not sleep all night: my thoughts would not let me sleep.”

His large, dark eyes were larger than usual,

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and reminded Lionel more than ever of those fiery, dark eyes, which had met his for one second, just five years ago.

"Suppose we try to study," Lionel suggested. "That may calm your thoughts."

"But I do not want to calm my thoughts. Addám, do you know what they mean me to stand? They mean me never, never to see my mother's face again. I tried to go to her this morning, in spite of them. I fought with hands and feet and teeth. I hit and hit and hit, but after all, I could not defeat an army of eunuchs — and that is what stood between me and her. And that still stands between us. She can fight her way even less than I; for she is little, like a white flower. What is she doing? Is she crying — and are they mocking her? Is she begging for me, and are they laughing at her? Addám, when shall I be big enough to slay? I don't want to learn any more from books. I want you to teach me to slay men — to slay all that army that stands between me and her, so that I can pass over their dead bodies to get to my mother."

"Suppose you were to see your father, and

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ask him to let you see your mother and talk the matter over with her," Lionel suggested, though with faint belief in his own suggestion. "Don't ask it in anger; ask it as a favor."

"He will not see me. I tried all last night, and all this morning — he refuses to see me. Yesterday, in the evening, when at my customary hour I was going to my mother, I was stopped and told that from now on I was to live in the salemlik, with the men. I asked to go and see her — as my brothers see their mothers — and then go to the salemlik, and was told that I was not to see my mother. I don't know how, but gradually I understood that I was never, never to see her again." Bayazet choked, and for a minute could not speak. "Yesterday morning I left her as usual. She knew nothing of what was coming; for she was as happy as she always is. Now, where is she? What is she doing? Why am I not to see her again? I do not understand, and my father refuses to speak with me."

The door opened, and two stalwart men entered. They salaamed to the floor. "We are your new bodyguard," they announced.

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Bayazet looked at them sneeringly. "I struck my bodyguard this morning with a glass, which broke on his face. So now they give me two new ones — and quite big ones, too. They flatter me."

CHAPTER XVII

FATHER AND SON

THE Sultan remained half-reclining on his divan, but his hand stopped playing with his beads.

"I believe I said that I did not wish you to disturb me," he said coldly.

"I have not come to disturb you, father Padishah. I have come to lay my case before you, and to ask of you — justice."

"Do you imply that justice has not been accorded you by me?"

"Not by you, father Padishah, but by those who do not understand your orders."

"It is by my orders that you are henceforth to live in the salemlik."

"I am only nine years old. I should have three years more to live with my mother."

"It is true that you are only nine years old, but you are taller than any of your four brothers who are twelve years old — you are as tall as most of your brothers who are fourteen. They

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all live in the salemlik, like men, without making a fuss and forcing themselves into my presence. Are you such a baby that the lack of a woman's lap to sit on makes you forget all etiquette?"

Bayazet flushed. "Since it is by your orders, I bow to them, Padishah. Yet all my brothers who live in the salemlik are permitted to go to their mothers whenever they like. Why am I alone to be denied this privilege?"

The ruler of Islam affected an air of supreme indifference, lest he betray to the boy the thrill which his manly tones sent through him. To safeguard the interests of the reigning monarch it was necessary that the heirs to the great throne should be without will, without initiative, with little courage. Only thus could all danger of revolt and upheaval be avoided. Yet the father in the monarch gloried in the spirit of this son. He gloried in it the more because he could do so safely, since between the boy and the throne there stood a great number of nearer heirs. He indulged himself in the novelty of meeting an intense personality, which was not snuffed out by near approach to his sacred

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person. To mask his unwonted interest the Sultan began to play again with his beads, stretching a leg out straight upon the divan, while his head slowly sank back on the pillows; yet one arm supported the imperial head sufficiently so that his eyes should lose nothing. Feigning indifference, he was alive to every change in the boy's face.

Bayazet awaited the reply to his entreaty. The Sultan of Turkey chose to make none.

"You have heard me, father Padishah?"

"Heard you! I have tried not to. This is insubordination to my will."

"Father Padishah, I do not wish to be insubordinate. I do not mean to question your decisions. I come to you as a suppliant —"

The ruler interrupted with a laugh. "You, a suppliant, — when you force your way into my presence, with storm on your face, with thunder in your voice! A suppliant, with clenched fists, and body erect, — as if to impress me with your premature height. By the Beard of the Prophet, you are a humble suppliant!"

The boy crossed his arms on his breast — it

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may have been to keep his fist from clenching anew.

“Does it befit an imperial son of the house of Othman to be a humble suppliant — even to his Padishah?”

Involuntarily the ruler changed his position. With what vivid pride this boy of his blood carried himself. A tinge of fear crept into the gaze of the Sultan: the father had receded; the monarch was now uppermost. He appraised Bayazet as a new force that had come into his life — a force possibly hostile. Bayazet was nine: in five short years he would be a man — a man of action, of courage, and fully aware of his imperial heritage. A legion of brothers stood ahead of him, but what was a legion of spineless boys to such a man as Bayazet would become? Incidents to which he had previously paid little attention came rushing back into the monarch's mind. All men in the palace worshiped this boy. Even that Englishman was willing to stay in the palace, living like a monk, because he loved Bayazet. His old bodyguard whom the boy had struck with a heavy piece of glass, and who was now in the hospital, was begging to be

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allowed to return to his young master as soon as he should be well; while the two new men, who had been appointed in his place, were anxious to retain their positions. And had not Lala Sheddin, one day, called Bayazet a veritable eagle?

All these thoughts crowded the Sultan's brain, while his eyes held those of his son, who did not flinch before his gaze. And Bayazet, he remembered, was the son of the woman who had defied him — him the Shadow of Allah on Earth.

Bayazet, looking into his father's eyes, as one thought after another changed the light in them, became suddenly conscious of a vague impending danger. As if he had been warned in words, he knew that he must be careful. He had seen friendliness in the depths of his father's eyes, even when his words had been hard. Now menace flooded them.

Kizatesh Sultana was a Greek and a Cretan, a combination fearless as it is cunning. Her son, though only nine years old, acted in this emergency like the descendant of a race of strategists. Before the welling enmity of the

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Sultan had time to culminate, Bayazet was on his knees beside the divan, his arms around his father's neck, his voice, exquisitely sweet, pleading:—

“Father, why should we quarrel, you and I, who only have love for each other?”

Again the father in the monarch rose uppermost. At the moment Bayazet could have done what he wished with his father, who, with Asiatic sensuousness, abandoned himself to the joy of satisfied fatherhood.

How lasting the reconciliation might have become, it is impossible to say. Unfortunately, there lingered about the boy the exquisite perfume indelibly associated with his mother. As the father kissed his son, the senses of the man were stirred by half-forgotten things. With the scent, whose secret Kizatesh alone possessed, the boy's voice recalled the musical tones of the mother. Slowly the dormant desire of the man for the woman awoke. Fire rushed through his veins with overpowering strength. He felt alive, and ferociously glad in his passion. He had been like a man half-dead of late: he had forgotten that within him the man let loose

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could cause such delirious rioting. The woman who was in his power — the woman who had given him this boy, and who yet had never been his, in spite of her motherhood — that woman he now wanted, as he had never wanted her before — and he wanted her, loving and tender, as the boy was at this moment. He wanted her, not with eyes shot with fear, but with the exquisite tenderness of the lovelight — with lips, not shivering with horror, but tremulously seeking his.

When the Sultan had ordered the separation of Bayazet and his mother, he had done so without any well-defined plan for the future. It was the first move, while waiting for Fate to guide. Now he knew what the next step was to be. He must possess the woman. He sprang from the divan.

“Wait here! I am going to your mother.”

Striding past the boy, he traversed the ante-chamber, and passed down the long corridor, amid bowed heads, until he reached the mebehin, the dividing door between the men's and the women's parts of the palace. A group of eunuchs was there playing cards. At sight of

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the potentate, they prostrated themselves, and one, receiving a command, crawled from his master's presence, and disappeared behind the heavy portière which hid the communicating door. Presently, from the other side, the portière moved outward, raised by invisible eunuchs. It rose above the head of the Calif, and, as he advanced toward the door, slowly fell behind him, hiding the haremlik from any man's eyes, even before its door was opened.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SHAME OF AN EAGLET

BAYAZET, left alone, wondered what had caused all the changes in his father, and why he had departed so abruptly to go to his mother. His mother! He caressed the eaglet on his breast, and impatience seized him anew to be a man. He felt that his mother needed him to protect her.

He rose to his feet, and, with his hands clasped behind his straight young back, began striding up and down the room. He walked as the Cretans do, in long strides, with head erect, and the springy step of a free animal of the wilds. His walk was one of the most attractive things about Bayazet, and his father had often remarked upon it with pride and satisfaction. If any of his hearers knew just whence that stride came, they abstained from informing the Calif. For two hundred years Crete had not been a pleasant subject for any of the rulers of Islam.

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The boy paced up and down, thinking intently, unwilling even yet to admit that any one really wished to separate him from his mother — least of all, his own father. He began to speculate about this father, of whom he had heard so much, and whom he actually knew so little. Could he count on him, as he could on his mother, or as he could on Addám, “his man”? For the first time in his life Bayazet compared his father with the Englishman, and instantly rejected the comparison. It was disloyal to his father, to the great ruler of Islam, to compare him with an ordinary man. Yet the comparison kept creeping into his mind, and it did not please him. He stamped his foot.

It now came to him that unconsciously he had been fashioning himself after his man, and not after his father. And with pain he remembered that his own mother had repeatedly said to him: “Do as thy man tells thee; for thou must grow to be a man like him, if thou wishest thy mother to be proud of thee.” Why had she not told him to be like his father?

Abruptly he stopped in his walk. Would he care to be like his father? Something hurt within

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his heart, as he realized how vehemently he refused to be like his father. He closed his eyes to blot out the thought, but this did not stop the working of his brain. Instead, a terrific question took possession of it: Had he been allowed to choose a father, which of the two would he have chosen — the Sultan or his man?

Till now, for all the liking and respect he felt for Lionel, he had looked upon his tutor as his own property. Heir to the exaggerated insolence of the imperial Osmanli, to whom all others in the world stand inferior, he had never thought of his man except as a being belonging to him, Bayazet, who was the master. Now, when in his mind he knew he preferred him to his father, the unparalleled suspicion came over him that perhaps the Englishman was not only his equal, but might even be his superior — the superior of him, Bayazet, the Osmanli prince. Staggered at the bare possibility, he dropped on a low divan, behind a screen of mother-of-pearl, his chin in both his hands.

His meditations were interrupted by the furious reëntrance of his father, who, oblivious of his presence, threw himself upon his couch, and

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with hands and teeth began tearing the pillows, while words came from his lips which made his son rigid with cold shame, for his father and for himself. But what above all else tore the heart of the boy, was the bestiality on the face of the man, whom till now he had only seen surrounded by the magnificence of his exalted station. He, who had seemed above all human beings, — an emblem rather than a man, — was now stripped of his outward magnificence, and lay before his son, a pitiful, a loathsome object.

The blood burned in Bayazet's veins. He wanted to shriek to his father to stop — to stop tearing and mumbling — to stop degrading himself before his son. But the Sultan, abandoning himself to his rage, gradually lost every vestige of self-control; and every base desire of his was revealed in the torrent of words which poured from his mouth.

In the tender, loving atmosphere with which his mother had surrounded him, in the high-minded comradeship of the Englishman, Bayazet had not even suspected that such human wreckage could exist — and the wreck before him was his own father, his Padishah. An al-

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most overpowering desire seized the boy to rise and destroy the man before him, to avenge his humiliated pride, his princely dignity.

“Kizatesh, by the Beard of the Prophet, thou shalt submit thyself to me—thou shalt!”

With a raucous, bestial snarl the Sultan rose. He scattered the torn pillows, and made for the door.

With a bound Bayazet was before his father. On the instant he felt himself to be a man, and spoke with self-control. He raised his hand before his father.

“Remember that you are the Commander of the Faithful—the Ruler of Islam—the Shadow of Allah on Earth. Do not let any other human being see you as you are at this moment.”

The voice was so tense, so authoritative that the Sultan stopped. The boy seemed to him extraordinarily big. Man and boy held each other's eyes, and the man's dropped before his son's. The Sultan drew back—back, till he reached the wall, and leaned against it, shivering. As the father retreated, the boy advanced, his face white, his eyes ablaze, and never for an instant losing their command of the man.

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Entirely unnerved now, the Sultan began to weep.

Bayazet salaamed very low before his father, and spoke to him with all the exaggerated ceremony that he could command. His one desire was to force the man before him to assume his proper position, to be reinstated again with all his holy rights. He failed, and saw the man fall a heap upon the floor, crying like the most pitiful of children. Never in his life had Bayazet himself wept like this: always when he cried there was rage in his tears, not broken spirit.

Outside there was the sound of footsteps running, and Bayazet rushed to intercept them. He was just in time.

"No one must enter!" he commanded imperiously. "Go back, all of you, and send Lala Sheddin here. If one of you comes nearer than this anteroom, he will pay for it with his life."

He had managed to draw the portières before any of the eunuchs had seen into the room, and now he stood holding them together behind him, as he watched the men ebb away. He stayed there until Lala Sheddin came hurrying up.

"My father is not well. Stay here, and keep





AS THE FATHER RETREATED THE BOY ADVANCED

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all these men away. I will call you if you are needed."

He slipped through the portières and ran to his father, still weeping on the floor. Half-lifting, half-dragging him, he got him upon the divan, arranged a pillow beneath his head, and covered him with a richly embroidered coverlet.

"There, father Padishah, you will be better in a few minutes. You have been touched by some bad fever, which has weakened your spirit and your strength."

He lowered the shades, and picked up all the torn pillows and put them in a pile in one corner. Then he returned and knelt by his father, and began soothing his forehead, a protecting feeling having replaced his other emotions.

The Sultan wept drearily, and then fell asleep. Watching him, Bayazet's mind was again besieged by the thoughts of a little while ago. He recalled the words of his mother as to what a man and a father ought to be. What had his eagle woman been thinking of when she had given him such a father? There must be something wrong with the world when a boy could not feel a fierce pride in his father — a pride

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such as Bayazet, till a few minutes ago, had been able to feel.

He lowered his head on his hands, and his thoughts flew back to the Englishman. Was the Englishman nobler than his father? He was stronger; he was manlier; and the boy could not imagine his ever weeping as his father had. Bayazet's pride in his position and his blood began to crumble within him. He felt so pitifully small and of no consequence — since he could not be proud. His eyes fell on the eaglet his mother loved him to wear. Could he be an eaglet, with a father such as this? Burning tears came into his eyes. With the back of his hand he brushed them away—he had seen too much weeping that day — and sprang to his feet.

“At any rate, my mother is an eagle,” he said, between gritted teeth. “And my sons must not be ashamed of me.”

From time to time Lala Sheddin peeped through the closed portières until the monarch was breathing regularly in sleep. Then he tiptoed into the room, and approached Bayazet,

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sitting dejectedly beside the divan. With his finger on his lips for silence, he took the boy's hand and led him to the farthest corner of the room.

"Tell me all that happened," he said in a low tone — less likely to arouse the sleeper than the more sibilant whisper.

Bayazet knew that his mother and his tutor trusted Lala Sheddin. Briefly he told him what had happened, omitting such details as his pride could not brook the mention of.

The eunuch listened thoughtfully. "I think it would be better if you were to go to your man and stay with him," he said at the end.

Bayazet had no wish for any companionship, if he could not have that of his mother. He shook his head in dissent at the eunuch's suggestion.

"Your father might not like to find you here when he wakes up," Lala Sheddin urged. "Go to your man and stay with him quietly. For your mother's sake, do not try to see her again, for the present."

Reluctantly Bayazet consented. As it was approaching the dinner hour he first went to

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his own rooms and bade his valet dress him in his finest uniform, with all his medals and decorations. He felt the need of every exterior aid to uphold his shattered pride. Yet, when he entered the pavilion, resplendent though he was, he found it difficult to carry himself before his tutor as he ordinarily did. Because of his lost self-esteem, he bore himself with unusual formality. He was glad rather than sorry to find two of his brothers also present.

"I am inviting myself to dine with you, Adams Effendi," he said. He had never called Lionel anything except "Addám," since that night when, as a boy of four, he had first seen him; and the "effendi," combined with the exaggerated aloofness of the boy, convinced the Englishman that something of grave importance had happened. He received him, however, as if he perceived nothing unusual in his manner.

During the progress of the dinner Lionel fur-
tively observed Bayazet, while directing most of his conversation to his other two pupils. Bayazet was like a changeling. He seemed to be years older; his eyes were hard and cold, and

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avoided meeting those of the tutor. After dinner they all played backgammon, and Lionel felt that it was only by the most tremendous effort of will that the boy managed to play at all.

While the game was in progress Lala Sheddin appeared. He addressed himself to Bayazet:—

“The Padishah would like to see you, prince.”

He flattened himself against the wall as Bayazet passed him, and then followed.

The Englishman continued the game mechanically with the other princes, his mind following Bayazet up to the palace, and hoping against hope that no ill might come of this interview. He was relieved when at last the other two princes rose and bade him good-night. He was in no mood for games; for the face of Lala Sheddin had been grave, and the air surcharged with apprehension. The affairs of all of them seemed rapidly approaching a crisis.

He extinguished the lights and went out of doors, and paced up and down in front of his pavilion, waiting, waiting,—his life seemed to

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be made up of waiting, — and he knew not for what. It was not likely that he could learn anything more to-night, yet he could not bring himself to try to sleep. Hour after hour went by, while tirelessly he padded up and down, up and down, in the dark. His nerves were on such a tension that physical fatigue refused to come to him and rest them. Once in the night he heard the rhythmic step of the royal guard on its way to relieve the detachment on duty.

Before the first narrow gleam of light appeared in the east Lala Sheddin came, silently, out of the night.

“You have not gone to bed.”

“No. Has anything happened?”

“The worst that could happen. Bayazet has struck his father.”

The two men stood for a moment in dead silence.

“And what will that mean?” Lionel’s lips were so dry that they could hardly enunciate the words.

“He who touches the sacred person of the Calif cannot be permitted to live. That is the law.”

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Again there was silence. It was as if Lionel's mind had lost its faculties. That proud little Bayazet must die was too horrible a thought to be grasped.

"Last night was not the beginning," Lala Sheddin went on. "In the afternoon, the Sultan — I do not know why — fell into one of his rages. The boy was there. In some way he had caused it. As near as I can make out, it was through his resemblance to his mother. I sent the boy to you, hoping that when the Sultan awoke from the sleep into which he always falls after a rage, he would have forgotten about Bayazet. He had not."

"But the father in the Calif — " Lionel began, with a ray of hope.

"There is no father in the Calif when he begins to fear, — and ridiculous as it may sound to you, the Sultan is now afraid of Bayazet. Last night, when he ordered me to bring the boy to him, there was something sinister in his manner. On the way to the palace I warned Bayazet, as openly as I dared; and when he came into his father's presence he was all courtesy and ceremony. So perfect was his behavior

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that I began to breathe freer — till I saw that the Sultan only grew the more possessed with a kind of cold fury. Then I knew that nothing would avail. To excuse his conduct of the afternoon, he ruthlessly tore at the curtain of life: he made everything which was sacred and unuttered in the boy's mind an ugly orgy of vice. At last he even began to use phrases degrading to the boy's mother —”

“Before you?” Lionel cried.

“I was not present — but I heard. Bayazet had endured everything up to that. Then he raised his hand and struck the Sultan on the mouth.”

CHAPTER XIX

“YANGIN!”

IN the dark the two men stood speechless, after Lala Sheddin's fateful words. The night itself seemed to hold its breath and hearken. Lionel's thoughts flew to the woman who, more than he, more than Lala Sheddin, would suffer.

“And *she* — does she know?” he asked.

“I have just come from her.”

Again there fell silence, a dry, lifeless silence, broken huskily by the words of the eunuch: —

“In all my planning I did not foresee such a possibility as this.”

“But is there *no* chance — no hope that the Sultan may relent?” Lionel persisted. “From the pride he has felt in the boy, may he not consider some lesser punishment? Surely, his fear of him cannot be strong enough to make him wish for Bayazet's death, in cold blood.”

“You do not know the history of the rulers of Islam. They do not change their minds when

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once fear has sprouted. It was even so with Solyman the Magnificent. He had a son who was his greatest joy; but when Khourrem, the Russian favorite, — the one you Europeans call Roxalana, — roused the suspicions of the Sultan against his son, all the love of the father was burned to ashes. At the time Solyman was preparing for his second war against Persia. He started for Asia Minor and sent for his son. Prince Mustapha arrived at the tent alone, thinking to have an audience with his father. Instead, he was received by seven mutes, who sprang at him with the fatal bowstring. Mustapha was strong and agile. He made a tremendous resistance, calling upon his father for mercy. Solyman was in the inner division of the tent, and so impatient was he to make an end to the son he feared that he rushed in and urged the mutes on to finish the strangling. Do you think, if Solyman the Magnificent had his sons killed, one after the other, because of fear, that it would be possible to move a man of my master's caliber to mercy?"

"Have you tried?"

Lala Sheddin gave a short laugh. "Have I

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tried! *I* clamored for the boy's death — cried out that it must be lingering and hard. I have enemies in the palace. Such an opportunity for my downfall they would have grasped only too eagerly had I not been the first to hound him whom my master hated."

"You have no plan, then?"

"Five days' start of death only. Bayazet is to die by starvation, tantalized by the sight of food that he cannot reach. Thus may my master gloat over his dying. That is all the plan I have: we know Bayazet can fast so long. How I now bless Kizatesh Sultana for that foolish test of hers!"

"Where is he imprisoned?"

"In the room next his father's, and the father holds the key."

"You have no other key to the room? There is no secret passage leading to it?"

The eunuch shook his head.

"You could not smuggle in a locksmith to make a key?" Lionel persisted.

"What mad ideas are in your brain! You do not know the genius my master has for suspicion."

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“Could Anton Effendi come without arousing suspicion?”

“Anton Effendi! What for?”

“He can make a key to that lock.”

“My boy, have you gone mad? Anton Effendi is a very clever man, — a statesman, who can cook, — but he is not a locksmith.”

With the speed of thought Lionel decided that the occasion warranted breaking his promise to the little Greek not to betray his secret. Succinctly he told the eunuch of the time when he and Anton Effendi had left the place at night to visit the ramparts of old Byzantium, and of the Greek’s mechanical talents which rendered this possible.

Lala Sheddin listened without interrupting.

“And to think I should never even have suspected this,” he murmured, his chagrin manifest. “Well, go to him. Find out if he will risk his neck to help us; tell him Kizatesh Sultana is of pure Cretan blood. That will have more weight with him than any amount of abstract mercy, or justice, — a pure Cretan, remember.”

“I will go at once.”

“No. The dawn is already beginning to

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break. It will arouse suspicion if you go at this hour, and there must be nothing unusual in your actions to-day. To-night, after all are asleep, go to him."

At last the day was at an end, the first terrible day of Bayazet's imprisonment. Lionel was waiting for the hour when he might go to Anton Effendi. Of a sudden all his muscles stiffened. What was the noise upstairs in his sleeping-chamber? It was like a footfall — as if some one, or something, had jumped through the window. Now it was moving, so lightly that had his senses not been keyed up to almost super-human intensity he would not have heard it.

He rose, moved softly to the foot of the stairs and stood, tense, alert, expecting he knew not what. And then, the door of his room opened, and bathed in the moonlight, which streamed in through his window, he saw Kizatesh Sultana.

Slowly, like a vision, she came down the stairs, until they stood facing each other, in the mysterious light, filtering in from outside. Neither spoke. He had seen her only once,

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five years before, — and impossible though it was that she, the guarded captive of the Sultan, should be here, he had not an instant's doubt of her identity. But hardly had the joy of beholding her leaped up in his heart, before it was followed by the fear for the terrible risk she was running. The rush of feeling which overpowered him held him speechless.

In her dark eyes, on her slender face, there was no fear: anxiety, perhaps, but if there was anxiety, it seemed not to be for any possible danger for herself; rather it was as if she sought in his countenance a reassurance for some hope with regard to him.

At last he spoke: "How can you run such risks?" The sentence was commonplace enough. It was the tone, the accents of his voice which gave it all he felt.

"Five years ago, in the darkest hour of my life, I prayed to Allah above, and that same day *you* came to the palace. Allah sent you. Now it is a still darker hour for me, so — I come to you."

"But the risk you are running, if you should be found here," he persisted.

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"I had to come — and no one can find me here. Allah's trees out there touch my room, and touch yours. I passed from one to the other, and came to you. I shall go back as I came. Let us lose no time. I have come to beg you to do something for me."

"I will do anything you wish me to."

"Will you take my son away with you to your country?"

"Is Bayazet free?"

"He is still a prisoner, but the Sultan will give him to me. His release will be only temporary; for my son has touched the holy person of the Calif, and he must die. That is the law. For a day — I believe I can obtain his freedom. Will you, on that day, steal away with him to your own country? He loves you, and I — I give him to you — to be yours."

"You wish to send Bayazet away from the palace — from you — forever?"

"Yes. Like the mother eagle, I must tear the nest, and for home give him the heights to soar in. To the heights, to Allah, and to you I give my son. Take him, lord."

"And you?"

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"I do not matter," she replied softly.

"You do matter!" His heart cried out the words.

A wonder-light came into her eyes, and the soul of the woman leaped out to the soul of the man, though neither spoke. From outside, the soft rays of the moon filtered in, and the essence of the flowers commingled with a faint, pungent perfume which clung caressingly to her. For a full minute the two were lost in a realm of enchantment, until, with a sigh, Kizatesh Sultana recalled herself out of this other realm in which present and past and future seemed all distilled into one moment so intense that it comprised all eternity in itself.

She drew a long breath of reluctant return to the present. "There is no way to free Bayazet, except through me. For him, I must give myself — and the moments are precious. When he is free, you will take him away with you. Promise me!"

He did not answer. She leaned a little toward him, urgently.

A loud knocking shattered the silence of the pavilion. Instinctively Lionel took a step for-

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ward, and as instinctively Kizatesh Sultana shrank toward the protection of his arms.

The knocking came again, and a voice cried: "Effendi! Effendi! Come out."

"It is Lala Sheddin," Lionel whispered. "Go, go at once!" He lifted the slender form of the woman in his arms, and ran up the stairs. "Go!" he repeated, as he put her down on the veranda. "I will keep Lala Sheddin engaged until you are safe, away."

She joined her slender hands pleadingly. "Tell me that you will take my son away with you."

The knocking at the door came again.

"Please give me the answer now," she implored.

The knocking grew louder, and from the tones of Lala Sheddin's voice Lionel knew that something urgent called.

"If what you ask is the only way to save him, I will do as you wish — only go now."

Before he realized what she was about to do, she had taken his hand, raised it to her lips, and was gone.

With some delay — to give her time to

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effect her escape — Lionel opened the door. Lala Sheddin, paler and more agitated than the Englishman had ever seen him, stood on the threshold.

“Come — come quickly!”

The words were not out of his mouth before he was rushing off underneath the trees. An eighth of a mile away they came upon Prince Murad, crouching at the foot of one of the trees. His face was turned upward, his nostrils snuffing like those of an animal on the trail of its prey, and his eyes roved alertly to right and to left. He paid no attention to the approach of the two men. He was muttering to himself: —

“Here it was! Here I lost it! But I shall find it; it cannot escape me. And then I shall tear it to pieces, and drink its blood.”

In spite of the fair mould in which he had been cast, the young man did not seem to be a human being, and he laughed the laugh of one who has sunk to a plane lower than that of the beasts.

Lionel’s brain worked rapidly. Kizatesh Sultana was moving through the tree-tops toward this spot. Her progress must be much

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slower than theirs had been, yet she would soon be near. He fancied even now that he heard the rustling of leaves, as of a person moving through the trees. At all risks Prince Murad must be got away from here.

He stepped forward, and without ceremony picked up the puny form and started with it rapidly for his pavilion.

After the youth's first struggle of resistance, Lionel was surprised to have him lie quite quiet and contented in his arms. Even after reaching the house, and after Lala Sheddin had struck a light, Prince Murad did not try to free himself. He lay still, like a contented baby, his face close to the tutor's breast, snuffing at his clothes, as if they contained a perfume that fascinated him.

For a few seconds Lala Sheddin watched the strange sight with his keen, small eyes; then he began an extraordinary performance. He took the papers from the waste-basket, twisted them up into wisps, and set them on fire, filling the room with the acrid smell of burning paper.

With astonishment Lionel watched the eunuch, his attention for the moment distracted

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from Prince Murad, who, even after he was released, continued to hover around the Englishman.

“Why are you doing that?” Lionel asked.

The eunuch’s only reply was to approach the Englishman and begin to rub the charred paper over his coat. At this, Prince Murad blazed into sudden passion, and struck the eunuch again and again — blows which Lala Sheddin received without complaint on his broad chest.

“Why did you spoil the lovely perfume?” the prince cried shrilly. “It was the same I scented in the trees.”

Instinctively, Lionel stepped forward and held out his arm to ward off the blows from the unresisting eunuch. At that Prince Murad’s fury turned against him, and he aimed a savage blow at Lionel. The latter evaded it, and the prince, losing his balance, fell to the floor. In falling he struck the edge of the table, and his nose began to bleed copiously.

The sight of his own blood frightened the young man, and he lay still, moaning piteously. Lala Sheddin picked him up and laid him on a couch. Then from an inner pocket he pro-

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duced a small silver box and, opening it, took out some brown leaves from it which he begged the prince to sniff in order to stop the bleeding. The youth complied, and in a minute the bleeding ceased, his sobs grew less, and he lay quite still on the divan.

Lala Sheddin watched him gradually lose consciousness, until he was in deep slumber. "It would be better, perhaps," he murmured, "if I let you sleep on, and never wake."

There was something in the tones of the eunuch that frightened the Englishman. "What have you done?" he demanded.

Lala Sheddin tapped the little silver box in his hand. "The East has ways of its own to deal with life, my friend. These leaves, carefully used, bring sleep. A little more, tied upon the forehead, and the sleep becomes never-ending."

Sorrowfully he looked down upon the relaxed form. The eyebrows were contracted. The mouth, that had been beautiful, was now loose and sensual, and the lynx that had once attacked him had done the rest to mar his face.

"Once or twice before," Lala Sheddin went on, "I have known such as he. They are more

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dangerous than the wholly mad. When he awakes, he will remember the perfume; he will return here — and he will make your life a torment. There is no telling what harm he may not do.”

For a time Lala Sheddin became lost in thought; then deliberately he took a large handkerchief from his pocket and opened the lid of his silver box.

“What are you going to do?” Lionel asked sternly.

“I am going to take no chances.”

Lionel put his hand on the eunuch’s arm authoritatively. “You cannot do that,” he said.

“There are times when a worthless life must be sacrificed to a better one. Your life is the better one. *He* must die.”

“I can take care of myself.”

Lala Sheddin shook his head sadly. “You do not know — you have not seen such as he before. I saw his face when he inhaled that perfume from your coat. He will remember. You think you are strong. So you are — splendidly strong, but —”

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The Anglo-Saxon interrupted.

"You must not kill him. He may not remember when he wakes up. If he does — if it becomes necessary — I will ask your aid. Not now."

Lala Sheddin slowly put the leaves back into the box, and the box into his inner pocket.

"You are too civilized. To save a vicious and a worthless life for the mere sake of saving life is not strong — it is sentimental." Then, suddenly, he demanded: "Tell me, did you have time to speak with her?"

Lionel was dumbfounded. "You knew?" he gasped.

"Lionel Effendi, you do not think that she would have taken such risks without telling me! It was I who told her that if she asked you herself I felt sure that you would agree to take her boy away with you."

Lala Sheddin went to the door and locked it. Then he took up the lighted candle: —

"Let us go upstairs. Murad is only lightly under the influence of the narcotic, and he is cunning enough to pretend still to be unconscious after he awakes."

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When the two men were seated upstairs, Lala Sheddin went on: "Did you give her the assurance she craved? Did you tell her you would take the boy away?"

"How does she expect to get possession of Bayazet?"

"There is only one way: for him she must give herself. She will do this, and then she will put herself to sleep forever, knowing that the boy is safe with you."

The Englishman made no comment, and a tense silence followed. Presently the eunuch leaned forward and touched Lionel's arm.

"It will not be difficult, and you will run no risk. The night that he is free I will smuggle the boy here. A boat from Manlove Pasha's yacht will come to the shore. You will step into it — and the palace, and all that it has been, will melt out of your life."

There followed a pause, broken by Lala Sheddin adding persuasively: "The secret compartment on the yacht is already prepared. No one will be able to find you — you see, it will not be difficult. And in your own country you will resume your own name, and no one will

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identify you with the imperial tutor who for five years was here.”

Lionel was gazing out under the trees into the deep shadows, and spoke no word. Lala Sheddin waited until even his patience was worn out.

“She has been dreaming this dream for the last five years, and not once did she think that you would fail her.”

The Englishman shook himself, as if to awaken from a trance. He rose and paced up and down the room; then he stopped in front of Lala Sheddin.

“I cannot do it,” he said in a strained voice.

“You mean that you refuse to help her?” the eunuch asked.

“Can’t you see? Can’t you understand?” Lionel burst forth. “How can I leave her to such a fate — even to save her son?”

Lala Sheddin sprang to his feet and threw his arm around Lionel’s shoulders.

“Ah!” he cried, in a tone of deep satisfaction. “Ah! That is what I longed to hear. While she was making her plan, I was making mine. Hers was to give you Bayazet and die.

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Mine was to save them both. Now that you have spoken —”

From outside the door came a slight scratching sound. In an instant both men had sprung to the door and opened it, and there crouched Prince Murad, crawling like a reptile on the ground, following the scent of Kizatesh Sultana's perfume.

“I feared this,” the eunuch said hoarsely. “He would follow her through the trees to her rooms. Take him downstairs, quick. I will join you in a minute.”

The Englishman did as he was ordered, half-carrying, half-dragging Prince Murad downstairs. Lala Sheddin, left alone, acted quickly. With a candle in each hand, he moved swiftly from curtain to curtain, setting them on fire all over the upper floor. Then he opened the door and placed a chair in the doorway, in order that there might be a good draft of air, and then ran down to the other two.

“We must save ourselves — the house is on fire!” he shouted.

Already the rush of the flames could be heard, and Prince Murad was paralyzed with fear.

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"Come, my prince, come with me! You" — to Lionel — "stay behind and save what you can." Murad was now shrieking and trembling. In an undertone, to the Englishman, Lala Sheddin added: "Set everything on fire down here, and then go to the cook's pavilion. Let no one except him see you. Every one must believe that you have been burned alive. Fate is with us to-night."

The eunuch took hold of the arm of the distracted prince. "Come, I will save you," he coaxed.

The young man threw himself into the arms of the eunuch, and was borne away.

Rapidly Lionel did as he had been ordered, setting fire to everything inflammable on the ground floor. When in twenty different places the flames were burning joyously, he took one last look at the rooms where he had spent the last five years of his life — the years of his regeneration. His heart contracted with regret at the thought that never again should he see the pavilion, but he did not stop for any sentimentalizing. He stepped out and locked the door, in order that the greedy flames might not

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easily be disturbed at their feast, and then cautiously started for the cook's abode.

He had not gone far before a sudden light flooded the sky, and in the stillness of the night he could even hear the crackling which told him that all that had been his was being reduced to ashes, and along with it a man called Burton Adams — a man for whom he entertained considerable respect. It seemed to him that he was witnessing his own funeral pyre; and yet through it all a secret joy possessed him. He had seen her! He had spoken with her! He had looked into her dark eyes, and what he had seen there had filled him with exultation. She was to be saved, and he was to take her away to free England. He did not know how, but Lala Sheddin had said that the Fates were with them that night, and he had faith in this shrewd man's resources.

The sound of running steps came to his ears, and the cry of "Yangin!" (fire), and he hid himself in a thicket of trees. His journey to Anton Effendi's pavilion was not easy. Since he was to be dead in the morning, it was very important that no one should see him this night.

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Finally, he reached the thick hedge of cypresses which surrounded the Greek's abode. He wormed his way within it, and listened. The excitement of the fire had evidently not reached here. There was no sign of life. He waited until he was absolutely certain that no one stirred; then he made his way to the house, found a window that was open, and entered. He knew where Anton Effendi's room was, and groped his way to it. The door was unlocked, and he opened it, at the same time speaking Anton Effendi's name. He did not wish to be shot before he could make himself known.

There came no reply, even after he had spoken again. Was the Greek, perhaps, away from home? This would be disastrous, indeed. He stepped to the bed, and found him there, a heavy sleeper. At the third shake he was roused.

"Who is there?" he called sharply.

"Hush! It is I."

"Upon my word!" the Greek exclaimed. "What has happened?" He sat up in bed, in his fluffy, silk pajamas.

"My pavilion is on fire, and with it I am supposed to be burning up."

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“Ah!” The Greek’s quick mind was already threading its way through a fabric of thought. “Wait a moment, my handsome young friend.” He raised a bejeweled finger to impose silence. “To-night you die — yet you live here, and wait. When you go — do you go alone?”

Lionel made no reply to this.

“It is as I thought,” the Greek continued, with satisfaction, tapping his own breast to indicate the source of wisdom. “You are in love — I knew it all along — and in love as it comes once in a lifetime — to one man in a million. Am I right?”

“Anton Effendi — will you help me?” the Englishman asked.

CHAPTER XX

“IN THE THICK OF IT”

SEATED on the edge of the Greek's bed Lionel told him in his quiet way the whole story of Kizatesh Sultana. After he had finished, he asked again:—

“Now that you know everything, will you help us, Anton Effendi?”

The Greek nodded. For the moment he could not speak. His sentimental nature had flamed into such enthusiasm that it choked his utterance.

“Help you!” he burst forth finally: “I shall do more—I shall dower her. My money belongs to Greece—but she is Greece—the noblest part—the ever-rising, ever-struggling Crete. I shall give her twenty thousand pounds. But now, my friend, you must sleep. Your strength and nerves must be conserved. It will not be as easy to get the Sultan's wife and son out of the palace as if they were two sacks of meal. Have you any outside assistance?”

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“Manlove Pasha and a Turkish carrier whom I helped once, and who has promised to help me out of any difficulty”; and Lionel told the Greek of his meeting with Kipruli Ali on the day of his arrival in Turkey; and also about the secret compartment which had been prepared on the yacht.

“We know little of the unseen forces,” Anton Effendi commented; “yet can we doubt that from the beginning you have played Fate’s game, and that now all the combinations have culminated? Ah, there is a Supreme Power that directs our faltering efforts. Why should you have come to Turkey and become the imperial tutor — the most unlikely destiny one could have imagined for you? Why should I, the man of letters, of statecraft, — of puddings, — why should I possess this queer mechanical streak? Why should Kipruli Ali, and Manlove Pasha, and you, — from the four corners of the earth, — have chanced to come together on that day? Ah, I tell you —”

Anton Effendi’s face was alight, his delicate hands were gesturing passionately: he was evidently well launched on one of his great dis-

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sertations, when suddenly he stopped, laughing:—

“My besetting sin! If Nero fiddled while Rome burned, I could philosophize while the world crumbled beneath me. John Chrysostom — there was the happiest man who ever lived! He could talk always — and always be listened to. But I am not he, and I must see to your comfort and safety.”

He rose from his bed, and, wrapping his diminutive figure in a most elaborate dressing-gown, unlocked the door which led into a small room next his bedroom. It was his secret locksmith shop.

“This must be transformed into your apartment until the time comes for your escape.”

Defly he made it ready, moving benches and tools to one side of the room, and bringing in rugs and pillows.

“During my absence you will have to remain in here. When I am in my room you may come into it and exercise your young limbs a bit. We must try to keep you in condition; for your English machinery needs constant use to be kept in order. You are a much handicapped

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race, and yet you are proud of this terrible need of exercise." He shook his head in perplexity. "I have tried to understand it, but I cannot. *I* don't need it: my mind exercises, and that is enough. I will leave you to sleep now, and lock you in. We must take no chances — nor forget that you are a dead man."

Lionel slept soundly until Anton Effendi unlocked the door in the morning.

"Come!" the Greek said. "Lala Sheddin is waiting to see you."

The eunuch greeted Lionel with a smile. "There is sad news in the palace. Last night the pavilion of the English tutor was burned, and with it the young Englishman himself. I found his body, and pulled it out of the ashes with my own hands. And so burned was it that it crumbled to pieces. I gathered the bones, black and charred, and put them into a basket, and now I am waiting for Manlove Pasha, who was a friend of the young man, and to whom I have sent word. Anton Effendi here is coming to the palace to see my master, who is somewhat upset over the catastrophe. Death always affects the Sultan unpleasantly — unless

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it be the death of some one he prefers to have dead."

"Kizatesh Sultana does not think—?"
Lionel was beginning.

The eunuch waved a hand. "I have seen her. She is sewing all her jewelry in a belt."

"She need not think of that," Lionel protested.

"She must, because Bayazet is an imperial prince, and it is right that he should be educated accordingly."

"Is she ready to—"

"You can rely on her courage."

"What are your plans?"

"They will depend on what luck Anton Effendi has this morning, while he is waiting for the Sultan to appear. Also on how easily Manlove Pasha can be whipped into line. If Anton Effendi succeeds, I shall persuade my imperial master that Kizatesh Sultana has cast a spell upon him, which may be broken by starving her to death. And what more delicate means than by putting her in the same room with her boy, that each may be witness of the suffering of the other."

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“Do you believe that you can manage that?” both men asked at once.

“My master is in a mood which makes him clay in my hands, for any deed of evil. Good-bye, now; and Anton Effendi, after you have fed our young friend here, come up to the palace.”

With a number of the courtiers and several of the princes Lala Sheddin met Manlove Pasha and led him to the embers of the pavilion. There the eunuch graphically described the fire and the finding of the tutor's bones.

In the unemotional English way Manlove listened to him, and only the pallor and the set lines of his face betrayed to those present how hard the news was for him to bear. His figure seemed to lose its athletic elasticity and to grow old before their eyes, and Lala Sheddin, himself overpowered by the sad occasion, whispered to the company to go, and leave Manlove Pasha alone. The eunuch followed the silently retreating men to the palace. Only there did he say: “I had better go back and see what arrangements Manlove Pasha wishes to make about the funeral.”

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He found the Englishman leaning against a tree, and staring before him with unseeing eyes. The eunuch approached and stood close beside the stricken man, and in an ordinary conversational tone inquired:—

“You could anchor your yacht opposite the shore here, could you not?”

Manlove Pasha looked up quickly.

“Don’t alter your attitude,” the eunuch went on in an even tone. “Remain mournful and sad. We know the stars are always in the sky, though they may be invisible to us, — and in the palace there are always eyes to spy.”

Manlove Pasha passed his hand over his forehead. “Is Lionel —” He did not finish the sentence.

“Burton Adams is dead,” the eunuch volunteered. “Lionel Deguerney — I know no such person.”

In spite of the warning he had received, Manlove grasped the eunuch’s arm.

“Why did you not prepare me? Why did you take me through this misery?”

“I thought it necessary. If there was the slightest doubt in the minds of any — your

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grief has dispelled it. Not for gold could I have bought such acting. Moreover, I had to think of *your* safety. With the tutor dead, you will hardly be connected with the events which are to follow. Your papers will be clear, and you will sail from here to England with the remains of the young man."

"May I inquire who else is to sail on my yacht with the remains of the young man?"

"Only a woman and a child."

Manlove's first impulse was to strike the eunuch. He controlled himself, and rigidly remarked:—

"I had been given to understand that in this case there was no intrigue—no woman. Now it appears there is a woman—and a child."

"Yes," the eunuch assented blandly, "and the woman is one of the Sultan's wives."

To be on the safe side the Englishman thrust his hands deep into his pockets. The eunuch caught the gleam in his eyes, and added in a cautioning manner:—

"Yes, keep your hands in your pockets—and remember that you are a bereaved man,

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and that Lionel is still within the palace enclosure."

During the pause that followed, Manlove Pasha mastered his indignation, and when he spoke it was in his ordinary quiet voice:—

"And now, just what do you expect of *me*?"

"To sit on your yacht and risk nothing. If we, down here, succeed, some night we shall bring our cargo to you: you will store it in your secret compartment, and by sunrise you will sail away for England."

"By 'we,' whom do you mean?"

"Lionel Effendi, Anton Effendi, and myself."

"Do you mean to say that you have confided in that contemptible little Greek, who is hardly a man?"

"Quite so! He is hardly a man. I am — what I am — yet we are both risking our lives for others — my perfect man, Manlove Pasha!"

The Englishman accepted the rebuke. "What are your plans—tell them to me."

"We hope somehow to get into the room next the Sultan's own, and to rescue a woman and a child whom he is starving to death. We hope

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to get them to the shore and then to your yacht — if nothing goes wrong.”

“And you expect *me* to sit calmly on my yacht and wait for all this to happen?” Manlove demanded.

“No,” Lala Sheddin corrected. “I expect you to be right with us in the thick of the danger.”

“But a minute ago you said —”

“That was the quickest way to show you where your place was.”

“Damn you, man!” Manlove blurted out.

“Damn, if you like, but watch Anton Effendi, and note when he takes to using a red silk pocket handkerchief — affording the European diplomats new proofs of what a contemptible little man he is. Anton Effendi has found it convenient all these years to be an object for laughter. This new eccentricity will tell you to anchor your yacht as near the shore here as you can without exciting suspicion. You understand now why I have always insisted that you should come in a boat when you wished to visit Lionel Effendi. If you have to get away in a hurry, you will know your way.

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Go now — and don't forget that you are a sorrow-stricken man. Get your ship's papers in order. It will be natural for you to arrange about a funeral service with the English clergyman. That will account for the delay in your sailing."

CHAPTER XXI

“AT LEAST LET ME DIE LIKE A MAN”

ANTON EFFENDI was waiting in the Sultan's own room, whither he had been summoned, for his august master to return. He was restless, and paced up and down, stopping here and there to examine one object after another. His fingers constantly played with his string of beads, such as most Turks and Greeks of Constantinople carry as habitually as an Englishman carries a walking-stick. To both they are companions: they occupy the hands, and soothe the nerves.

If, somewhere, invisible to the little Greek, a spy was watching him, he acted for the spy's benefit with great art. Of course, every one knew that Anton Effendi was queer. On this day it was in the handling of his beads that his queerness showed. They were a lustrous string, yellow, like translucent wax, and worth a small fortune; yet the Greek treated them petulantly. He swung them back and forth, and

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tossed them into the air; twice he threw them from him on a couch; once he twisted them around a gold water pitcher, standing back and surveying the effect they made. Again, he looped them over the knob of the door leading into the next room. Here they seemed to get caught, and with an ejaculation of impatience he fumbled with them until he got them loose again.

He continued pacing up and down until the Sultan arrived. As the Padishah entered through the doorway, Anton Effendi stood rigid, his head bowed, waiting for the Asiatic master of his country to give him leave to salute him.

Arrogantly the Sultan laughed, and did not salute. He was in a bad mood.

"I want you to invent some dishes with so entrancing an odor that the smell of them will drive to madness those who cannot taste them," he said abruptly. "That is all. Go!"

The Greek returned to his pavilion. He went to his room, locked his door, and unlocked the one which held Lionel prisoner. Silently he took from his pocket his beads, and showed them one by one to the Englishman. At the

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fifth he stopped. It was a perfect match in color to the others, but instead of being round, it was flattened, and on it was the imprint of a key-hole.

Lionel made a motion to take it. The Greek drew it back.

"It would not fetch one hundredth the price of the others, in the bazaar," he said, "yet it is too precious to be touched — and all the wealth of the Sultan could not compensate you for the loss of this bead." He examined it minutely. "It is a good impression," he added with satisfaction.

"Will it take you long to make the key?" Lionel asked eagerly.

"Life is a humorist," the Greek replied, disregarding the question. "Of all the heroes of ancient Greece, the one I least care for is wily Ulysses; yet he is the one with whom I have kinship. He comes to me in my hours of need and becomes the pilot of my soul. Kismet! As I said before, Life is a humorist."

From the moment Bayazet had struck his father he knew that he must die. He had no

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thought of trying to escape his fate: his only anxiety was that he should die like a man, without a whimper, — should die as his mother — as Addám — would wish him to die. Upon this his mind fixed itself, and gradually he brought himself into a state of exaltation, where he felt neither hunger nor thirst, where he could gaze upon the food displayed beyond his reach as if it were not there. He was like a young martyr, and the spirit lifted him above and beyond the body.

On the third day of his imprisonment the door of his room opened and his mother came in. He sprang to his feet with a cry of gladness; then stopped and saluted her ceremoniously, touching with his finger-tips the floor, his knee, his heart, and his lips.

The sinister laugh of the Sultan broke upon his ears.

“Mindful of your comfort, traitor son, I have brought you a companion to share in your banquets.”

Bayazet bowed low before his father, but without sign of fear, or any attempt to ingratiate himself with him. His aloofness, and the fact

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that he did not appear miserable, in spite of the savory dishes sent to tantalize him, maddened the Sultan. He took an angry step toward his son; then halted and went no nearer. The memory of the only blow he had ever received in his life stayed him. From the doorway he taunted Bayazet with the fate in store for him and his mother. He even descended to minute descriptions of food which he should never taste again, in his effort to obtain some sign of weakening from the boy.

Bayazet watched his father, his eyes shining with a light that gradually silenced the Sultan, and drove him from the room, furious, and conscious of defeat. When the door closed behind the monarch and left the two prisoners alone, Kizatesh held out her arms to her son. She had expected to find him weak, ready to cry on her bosom, and to seek consolation from her heart. Instead, she found him assuming that it was his place to be the comforter. A fierce pride took possession of Kizatesh Sultana at the fortitude of her boy, a pride which lifted her, too, above hunger and thirst, in the long hours that followed. And both of them now had

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a hope to buoy them up — a hope based on the knowledge that their friends outside were doing all that men could do to effect their rescue. It was these latter who really suffered the most. Every mouthful that Lionel ate seemed to choke him, when he knew that the woman he loved was starving. Constantly he pictured to himself her dry lips thirsting for water, and he could hardly bring himself to take a swallow, since she was deprived of it. It was Anton Effendi who during those intolerable days kept the Englishman balanced, who gave him courage. They had to proceed very slowly. Lala Sheddin was overcautious, knowing that their first attempt would be their last. Lionel and Anton Effendi marveled at his astuteness, at his coolness, and accepted his decisions without question, even while they chafed at his caution.

At last the night for the attempt came. It was a stormy night, such as Lala Sheddin had hoped for, with flurries of rain and gusts of wind to hide all noises. Of the elements, only the flashes of lightning threatened to betray them.

Down to the last detail Lala Sheddin had everything arranged. The guards under the

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Sultan's windows, that night, would sleep in sodden slumber. Kipruli Ali, blindfolded, and blindly trusting, had been added to the small rescue party. He knew the great adventure had come: he did not seek to know more. Manlove Pasha's yacht was anchored not far from the shore. A boat was in readiness, manned by members of the Brotherhood of Ships, men devoted to Anton Effendi.

In the dark death-chamber, next to the Sultan's room, Kizatesh Sultana and her son sat on a couch. From time to time they dozed; then the mother would wake with a start, as if by keeping awake she could protect her son.

To her ears came the faint sound of a stealthily moving key in the lock, and Kizatesh Sultana's heart stopped beating. Was it Lala Sheddin? Was it the Sultan, coming again to taunt them, or was it something worse? Had he tired of their slow dying, from which he had obtained such small pleasure, and was he sending mutes with the dreadful bowstrings to consummate his revenge at once?

She felt — for it was too dark to see — the door swing open on its noiseless, well-oiled

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hinges. In a flash of lightning she saw a sinister, bulky figure.

"Hush! It is I — Lala Sheddin," came a soft whisper, and the felt-shod eunuch moved near. "Is Bayazet awake?"

Kizatesh Sultana leaned over and kissed her son's forehead. He stirred, and awoke.

Lala Sheddin unwound a coil of heavy rope, which had been wound around his waist under his frock coat. He fastened one end of it, and then let the rest down outside.

Kizatesh had risen, and stood beside him. "The bars — how can you remove them?" she asked breathlessly.

Lala Sheddin took hold of one of them, gave it a wrench with the whole weight of his powerful frame, and it came away from its fastenings. "For eleven years I have known that it was not secure," he said with a grim chuckle. "Knowledge is always useful, in the end."

He peered down into the stormy blackness of the night. The rope was taut and quivering.

"He wanted to come up, — to share my danger, he said, — so I let him, though it is a useless risk," he grumbled.

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Presently Lionel's head was on a level with the window-sill — it was not a long climb — and he clambered into the room.

“Now, quick! let them down by the rope, while I watch by the door,” the eunuch commanded.

With fingers trembling in their eagerness Lionel fastened the rope around the boy's waist, lifted him over the sill, and lowered him to the ground.

Kizatesh Sultana stood beside him, so close that he could hear her quick breathing.

“And now, you!” he said, after he had hauled in the rope. It seemed a miracle to him that he should be tying the rope around her waist — that only a minute stood between her imprisonment and her freedom, and that he should be freeing her. But when he had lifted her over the window-sill it seemed as if he could never let her go. Looking down into the black chasm below, an awful spasm of fear shot through him. What if their plot had been discovered? What if he were delivering her, not to freedom, but to worse punishment than she had yet endured, and never could hope to see her again!

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"Hurry!" The sharp whisper of the eunuch broke the spell that held him, and quickly Lionel lowered her to the ground. When the weight was off the rope, he still peered down through the storm, trying to reassure himself that all was well.

A flash of lightning illumined the scene, and for an instant he saw Manlove Pasha, Kipruli Ali, and Anton Effendi, with the woman and the child.

Oddly enough the lightning seemed not to have died away behind him. He glanced over his shoulder, and there, just inside the doorway, stood the Sultan. He held a candle in one hand, a cocked and leveled revolver in the other—a weapon of which he was known to be master.

Lionel's life was not worth a wisp of straw until the light of the candle fell upon his face. With a gasp the Sultan's right arm lost its aim, and the candle flickered in his shaking hand. A dead man stood before him, and in horrible fascination the two stood and stared at each other—the Englishman whose life's hope was snuffed out by the Sultan, and the mighty

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ruler quailing before the spirit of a man, as he could never quail before a man in the flesh.

Except for the flickering flame, all was still as death. Only a shadow moved behind the Sultan — a door closed so softly that neither of the two noticed it; and then, like a huge spider creeping on his prey, the bony hand of the eunuch slid over the shoulder of the Sultan, and gently came to rest upon his wind-pipe.

At the touch of the cold fingers, the Sultan started — but it was too late. His revolver and candle fell to the floor, but the door was closed, and there were no other sounds — only little gurgles and convulsive writhings, such as the powerless make in the grip of the powerful.

“Go! Go quickly!” Lala Sheddin whispered hoarsely.

“I cannot desert you,” Lionel replied.

“If I have earned any gratitude from you, Lionel, — go! I have not been allowed to live as a man — at least, let me die like one.”

CHAPTER XXII

IN THE NEVER-NEVER LAND

THE first person who boarded the white yacht after it anchored at the Piræus was Anton Effendi. He was covered with dust, and his tired countenance bespoke long and rapid traveling. Manlove Pasha and Lionel were on deck and hastened to receive him.

"What has happened?" Both asked the question.

The Greek raised his hand. "Only good news, my friends." He turned to Lionel: "My boy, such as her marriage was, she is now free. The Sultan of Turkey is no more. The world only knows that he is ill. It does not accord with Eastern statecraft to have a ruler die by other than natural causes, and that takes time; but I wanted you to know."

He drew his diminutive figure up to as great a height as he could command, and pointing to the horizon, where the island of Crete rose above the sea, he cried: "There is her birthplace!

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Daughter of brave women and indomitable men! And here, within sight of the Parthenon, she is freed from Mussulman shackles — she is a living emblem of the future of Greater Greece — a forerunner of the destiny which is to be Constantinople's some day."

Any other man would have been absurd, uttering these bombastic words; but there was something about Anton Effendi which saved his patriotic outbursts from ridicule.

"Lala Sheddin did not escape with you?" Lionel asked with small hope.

"Lala Sheddin is freer than any of us. He has gone where no man has power over the destinies of other men."

"How did — did he die?"

"Surely it matters little in what manner the door of the prison is opened. But I will tell you: his end was painless. We have ways of escape, here in the East, when we are ready for the great adventure. Now, will you give me food and a place to rest, before I return to Turkey?"

"Forgive me," Manlove Pasha cried. "Come with me."

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"Is it not dangerous for you to return?" Lionel asked solicitously.

Anton Effendi laughed, and, ungloving his hands, held them up for inspection. The light of the setting sun caught the sparkle of the diamonds and rubies which adorned the highly polished, slender fingers.

"Look at these hands, my friend. Could any one with sense possibly associate them with dangerous and heroic deeds?" From his head he took his fez, and the breeze wafted his long locks about his brow. "And this head — this vain head — could it harbor any schemes other than cheap amourettes? No, I am perfectly safe to return to the land of the Crescent — the land of my fathers."

Manlove Pasha conducted the Greek away, and Lionel went to the forward saloon, where Kizatesh Sultana sat by the large window, watching the glorious colors which the sun was leaving in its wake. Bayazet was asleep on a couch, his head in his mother's lap. At the coming of the Englishman, Kizatesh turned from the sky to the man, her eyes full of the warmth of the hour. She blushed at sight of

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him, and instinctively started to cover her face. The movement thrilled him, as every movement of hers did. She was still unable to accustom herself to seeing him freely. Her timidity communicated itself to Lionel, and both were like two very young people, conscious of the marvelous wonder that was theirs, and which had not yet been translated into speech.

She pointed to a chair. "Will you be seated, effendi?"

Her voice, always soft and musical, acquired an added richness of tone whenever she spoke to Lionel; and the tone enchanted him and made him wish to kneel before her and pour forth the words which were clamoring for utterance. Yet he only drew nearer the chair she had pointed to, and said:—

"Anton Effendi is here." He had meant to add: "You are free — free to be mine"; but he only said, "The Sultan is dead."

She did not speak at once. After a while she touched the head of her sleeping son. "Some day his turn may come to help his people. He must be made fit for his task." Then suddenly she asked: "Where is Lala Sheddin?"

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“Anton Effendi says that he has gone where no man has power over the destinies of other men.”

She covered her face with her hands, — white, almost transparent little hands, — and the longing to touch them, to take them captive in his own, nearly overpowered Lionel. Yet because his love was so great he mastered his longing.

Presently she uncovered her face, and he saw that she had not been crying. “Yes, Anton Effendi is right: we must not mourn.”

After this neither spoke for a long time. They sat in the silence which draws people nearer together. The eyes of the woman were fixed on the sky, where white fleecy clouds vied with the sunset colors in beauty.

Lionel was the first to speak: “Lala Sheddin told me once that you used to watch the clouds, believing that they were the dreams of people, and that when they were granted by Allah they changed to gold. Do you still do that?”

She nodded. Turning a slow, searching look upon Lionel, she asked:—

“And you, English lord, have you never made any dreams?”

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“Yes; I used to dream and hope that some day I might be able to help you; and that hope has now been granted.”

Lionel was wholly in the mood of the woman that he loved. They smiled at each other like two children who had wandered into the never-never land.

“And have you no more dreams now?”

She looked remote and ethereal, yet the warmth of life was in her eyes, and they encouraged him to say:—

“Yes. I dream now that some day you will care enough for me to become my wife.”

Before his gaze her eyes faltered, and he — with the capacity of a lover for tormenting himself — waited, fearing that he had spoken too soon.

Her face was averted. The sunset claimed her attention, and there, above the mass of color, a little white cloud floated.

She pointed to it. It was a fleecy, delicate little cloud, which seemingly could not decide whether to remain a cloud or to fade away and become lost in the ether. The two of them watched it with bated breath, as if their fate

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depended on it. It grew fainter — fleecier. But then a bold shaft of yellow light shot up from the sunset. Higher and higher it moved toward the zenith of the sky.

Kizatesh turned toward her lover, her lips parted, her slender figure swaying like a lily in a breeze.

“See!” she cried, “your cloud is touched with gold.”

THE END

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